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THE WHIG CONNEXION AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE best friends of the DERBY Administration must admit that its situation is not very dignified, nor its tenure very secure. There is a point at which opposition ceases to be conciliated by submission, and politicians may incur greater risk by forfeiting the respect of their friends than by daring the hostility of their adversaries. The present Ministry would have had less to fear if it had been bolder, and a few minor defeats would have been less disastrous than the policy of wholesale capitulation to which they have condescended. In Parliamentary warfare it is not so fatal to be beaten as to be despised.

No doubt, ex-officials and expectant placemen may find ample materials for mirth and triumph in the pitiable plight of antagonists who, like the intelligent 'coons of the backwoods, save expert marksmen the trouble of pulling a trigger, by coming down of their own accord to be bagged. At the risk, however, of appearing impertinent, we would venture to suggest to these gentlemen the expediency of devoting some portion of their practised sagacity to their own somewhat peculiar situation. The stronger the case they make out against the present Government, the greater the censure which, by implication, they cast on their own political conduct. By whose fault is it that the Derbyites are—we will not say in power—but in office? It is all very well for Lord PALMERSTON and his friends to rail at the forbearance of the Liberal party, but it would be probably better worth their while to try to understand why it is that "the majority" have thought fit to permit, and even to prolong, the existence of a "Government of the minority." The late PREMIER was expelled from office because "the majority" did not choose to keep him there; and he does not return to power, because that mythical body has not thought fit to restore to him the confidence which it had so lately withdrawn.

The *quidnuncs* and busybodies of the Clubs occupy themselves vastly with the question, when and how Lord JOHN RUSSELL is to be reconciled to Lord PALMERSTON. We confess we think that in this matter some injustice has been done to the Member for the City of London. Some persons seem incapable of believing that any political action which does not exactly coincide with their own interests can proceed from any but the basest personal motives. Yet, in proposing a course by which the Indian discussion may be removed from the arena of party struggle, it is not necessary to assume that Lord JOHN RUSSELL was actuated by a malignant and unpatriotic spirit. For the six years between 1846 and 1852, Lord JOHN RUSSELL himself, by the toleration of the Conservatives, conducted a "Government of the minority" with no very great advantage to the country; and it can hardly be expected that he should profess any strong constitutional repugnance to a situation of which he himself has had so large an experience. But without entering into a speculation on the secrets of men's hearts, of which the public can only be indifferently informed—and which generally ends simply in a reflection of the pettiness and meanness of the minds which presume to interpret them—we may be permitted to question the importance of this famous reconciliation which is promulgated as the great political panacea. If the only grievance of the Liberal Party—or "the majority," as it is the fashion to call it—had been the exclusion of Lord JOHN RUSSELL from Lord PALMERSTON's Administration, it might be a very material circumstance to be informed whether or not these eminent and elderly statesmen had shaken hands over the table at Brook's. If "the majority" really has its head in the mouth of these venerable lions, we are quite right to ask with tremulous anxiety, "do they wag their tails?" When it is once admitted that the political barometer is to oscillate in

obedience to these very variable phenomena, we ought to be grateful to any Right Honourable go-between who volunteers to "bear" the market. If this great solution exhausts the political problem, we have nothing to do but to wait patiently till we learn our fate from the bulletins of the Whig Circular which chronicles the movements of the pundits in St. James's-street. We confess, however, we are sceptical enough to doubt whether "the majority," or the country whose opinions it represents, occupy themselves very much with "the reconciliation." An amalgamation of Polly and Lucy would have saved Captain Macheath a great deal of embarrassment, but we do not learn that he was materially benefited by the pacification of Peachum and Lockit. Though Lord PALMERSTON's Government fell on the Conspiracy Bill, it is sufficiently notorious that the general discontent of the Liberal party had, in the judgment of all experienced persons, already made its continuance impossible. The manner in which the Government of a great country had been converted into a little Whig job had created a universal disgust, which a mere re-amalgamation with the representative of one more Whig family would do little to remove.

The truth is, that the time has come when the Liberal party have made up their minds to rebel against the tyranny of a little clique which, professing itself the champion of their principles, has in reality only defrauded them of their inheritance. In the first triumph of the Reform Bill, Lord GREY was allowed to engross the whole influence of the Administration in the hands of his own family and personal friends. A very few years of family Government and official incapacity were sufficient to disgust the Liberal, hardly less than the Conservative constituencies with the selfish intrigues of a narrow *coterie*. The Cabinet of Sir ROBERT PEEL was, by a political paradox which has always marked Tory Administrations, constructed out of elements much more popular than the Whig connexion which assumed to itself the patronage of the Liberal cause. Lord JOHN RUSSELL returned to office in 1846, like the French emigrants, having learnt nothing and forgotten nothing; and the Government, as a matter of course, was again parcelled out, with cynical contemptuousness, among GREYS, RUSSELLS, ELLIOTS—and again, ELLIOTS, RUSSELLS, GREYS. Without wishing to detract from the merit of particular individuals, people began to be sick of the Whig bill-of-fare—*toujours perdrix*. Since the Reform Bill, there have been half-a-dozen Whig Cabinets, but there has never been a Liberal Administration.

The system reached its climax in the constitution of the late Government. The most eminent member of the old Whig connexion having been necessarily excluded, Lord PALMERSTON, instead of seeking to recruit his Administration with fresh blood and to establish it on a broader basis, forced on the country the very lees of the Whig rump. There probably never was a Minister who, from his Parliamentary strength and his popularity in the country, was more completely at liberty to emancipate himself from the trammels of a vicious tradition. But the CLANEICARDE appointment was only the most glaring example of the inveterate and suicidal narrowness which seems to be the ineradicable characteristic of Whiggism. From the highest to the lowest place in all departments, sacred and profane, the Government of the country was one universal job. If DOWN had possession of the War Office, his connexions monopolized the Admiralty; for it transpired the other night in debate that the two Admirals who were selected to be promoted out of their turn were the brothers-in-law of Sir CHARLES WOOD. Would any one but a Whig Minister have ventured on such an audacious impertinence as that of entrusting the Government of India to Mr. VERNON SMITH? This is the system of which the Liberal party has testified its impatience in an unmistake-

able manner, and it is one which the mere introduction of Lord JOHN RUSSELL into another Whig Administration would tend rather to aggravate than to cure. We have no great faith in wonderful specifics and astonishing cures. We must, therefore, be permitted to doubt whether the atrophy of Whiggism is to be conjured away by the ingenious expedient of metamorphosing an Irish Viscount into an English Peer.

This is not a question merely of patronage or of places, for the same selfish narrowness which governs them in their domestic administration betrays itself in the general politics of the Whig clique. They are just as ready to job the policy of the country as to job the Government. The recent revelations of the spirit which governed the late managers of the Foreign Department shows how little sympathy with Liberal principles is to be looked for from a Whig Cabinet. It is not, then, a feeling of spite, or a disposition to proscriber particular individuals, that withholds the Liberal party from conspiring to revive that miserable system from which they and the country have suffered so much and so long. It is time that those half-dozen gentlemen who have learnt to consider the government of England as a sort of political preserve kept exclusively for their own sport, should be taught that they may endeavour, if they can, to win the confidence of the Liberal party, but that they can no longer command its submission. It refuses—and we think rightly refuses—to submit to the treatment which it has received. After what has taken place in the last few months, the Liberal cause must have some better security for its protection than is offered by a Whig Cabinet. A feeble Tory Government has proved itself far less mischievous to Liberal principles than a Government which for ever enlists the aid of its opponents in order the better to betray its supporters; and unless some better remedy is offered us, we had better bear the lesser ills we have. If the gentlemen of Brookes's have got "the majority" in their pockets, by all means let them keep the game to themselves; but if they have to go a begging to the Liberal party for the restoration of a "Government of the majority," it is not unreasonable to demand that the components of "the majority" should have something to say to the composition of "the Government."

#### INDIAN LEGISLATION.

IN regard to Indian legislation the mind of Parliament is a sheet of white paper, with a blot on it. There is little desire for change, and still less definiteness of opinion as to the most desirable mode of government; but the pledge which was given, or extorted, at the commencement of the session, hampers the freedom of choice which would otherwise lead to the postponement or rejection of all the rival measures. This was clearly apparent in the discussion of Thursday evening in the Lords, especially in the speeches of Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Lord GREY. Mr. GLADSTONE carried with him the convictions of the House when he pointed out, on Monday, the difficulties which had been in the first instance overlooked, and showed that scarcely an effort had been made to obviate or to solve them; but the same consideration for seeming consistency which has rendered it possible for the Government to survive for two months, prevents the adoption of the only course which would be accordant with statesmanlike prudence. The majority voted for the introduction of Lord PALMERSTON's Bill, and the supporters of the present Ministry are naturally unwilling to censure the more recent project; while unluckily only a few isolated individuals are at liberty to devote their exclusive attention to the interests of India and of the Empire. The opponents of the proposed revolution may find in the proceedings of all parties the fullest illustration of their fear that, under Parliamentary control, the greatest public interests will be made subordinate to domestic faction. Lord PALMERSTON scarcely concealed his motive for profiting by a temporary panic and clamour which gave him an opportunity of strengthening the influence of Government. Lord DERBY, on the other hand, openly avowed his preference for the present system over any alternative plan which has hitherto been suggested; and he confessed that his motive for abolishing the Company consisted exclusively in the desire to comply with the apparent wishes of the House of Commons. No statesman has yet come forward to argue that any serious benefit would be derived from the transfer of Indian administration to the Crown. The efforts of the speakers in favour of the successive proposals have been directed to establish the conclusion that, after the proposed

change, the government will be carried on with undiminished efficiency; and it has been suggested, with puniseworthy candour, that the Council ought to be constituted in such a manner as to provoke no invidious comparison with the unfortunate Court of Directors.

The three leaders of parties who are the most eager competitors for power have severally done their utmost to place themselves at the head of a movement which was at one time popular, and which has still many chances of success. Lord PALMERSTON had the first start, and he made the most of the advantage, securing so large a majority that Lord JOHN RUSSELL was baffled in his desire to suggest a different mode of proceeding. The change of Ministry gave the lead in the game to Mr. DISRAELI, and in three or four weeks from his accession to power he endeavoured to outbid his rival by the curious device of a popular election to certain seats in the Council. The third candidate for the management of the policy common to all the conflicting factions has shown considerable skill in evading the difficulties of a comparatively disadvantageous position. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has succeeded, by a series of well-contrived manoeuvres, in securing for the moment, to a private member, the initiative of legislation. By urging upon the House the necessity of proceeding by Resolution, he postponed the defeat of the Ministry, and at the same time threw a formidable impediment in the way of Lord PALMERSTON's progress. The next step consisted in the production of his amendments on Mr. DISRAELI's Resolutions; and, if they are carried, a mere change in the form of expression will convert them into as many clauses of a Bill not less superficial, rash, and impolitic than either of the previous experiments. There is really little choice among the competing projects, though perhaps the latest is, from the absence of complexity, the most obviously mischievous of the three; but the construction of the fabric offers little interest in comparison with the determination of the name which is to be inscribed on the edifice. Provided Lord PALMERSTON or his ancient colleague can add the character of Indian Reformer to his titles, it matters little to political coteries, and to their respective heroes, whether or not the administration of India is really reformed.

In a conflict of this kind, it is not surprising that the late debates throw little light on the advantages or demerits of the scheme for annexing India. Mr. DISRAELI, on Monday night, had an impending defeat to smooth over, and some humiliating concessions to conceal; but his speech was not, even as an effort of sophistry, striking or successful. No member of the House could be deluded by the absurd justification of the town elections on the ground that the voters of Liverpool had, thirty or forty years ago, returned Mr. CANNING to Parliament. The further inference, that Lord CANNING was indirectly indebted to the same constituency for his present position, would have been amusing if the argument in which it was contained had not been unconquerably dull. The defence of the Ministerial Bill, which was founded on the complexity of the English Constitution, was a specimen of that kind of political philosophy which is at the same time odious to reasoners on account of its shallowness, and to men of business because it is hazy and unintelligible. All old institutions in a country of uninterrupted historical progress are complicated, because they have gradually reconciled independent elements in an organic whole. The East India Company and the Imperial Government have found means to work in concert, without altogether abandoning the original tendencies which in former times brought them into conflict. The Court of Directors, with attributes of its own, acts as a check on the Board of Control; but in a newly-devised Constitution, the strongest of the component parts is generally found to be exclusively operative. Mr. DISRAELI, notwithstanding all his elaborate contrivances for balancing the Council, gave all the real power to the Parliamentary Minister; and if the result is to be the same, the simpler projects of his competitors are perhaps preferable, or, at least, more plausible. With the Cabinet and with Parliament at his back, an Indian Minister might safely disregard the protests and suggestions of his irresponsible advisers. Under any of the proposed systems, the ordinary administration would be conducted by clerks and secretaries, and the general policy would conform to the views and interests of the Cabinet.

Lord PALMERSTON was characteristically jovial in the enjoyment of his adversary's blunders, of his own deferred responsibility, and of the general confusion. The description of the general laughter occasioned by the Ministerial Bill scarcely passed the bounds which separate conversational exaggeration from caricature. "What are you laughing at?"



"At the India Bill." "And you?" "Why, of course, I am laughing at it too." It is not improbable that, in the course of the morning after Mr. DISRAELI's exposition of his measure, some such dialogue may actually have been held. A statesman who had formed a deliberate plan for the government of a great empire, might perhaps not have found leisure for jest upon jest when he saw that his measure was suspended or superseded, and that the principles which he had advocated were seriously endangered; but, to do the late PREMIER justice, his language on the first introduction of the Bill was not less careless, though it may not have been equally amusing. It may also be said that he was as much in earnest as the adversary whom he was turning into ridicule. Lord PALMERSTON's anecdotes, and allusions, and quotations indicated quite as much concern for the interests of India as the solemn fallacies which Mr. DISRAELI contrived to interweave with an equal bulk of respectable and irrelevant truisms.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Bill, as it is held in solution by his amendments, possesses no possible claim to respect or attention. The third measure is not so far different from the first in order as to justify a separate criticism. The Council, according to this new version, is to be somewhat more helpless and useless than in either of the previous projects. The points of distinction are as arbitrary as those which, a dozen years ago, rendered it possible for two sets of adventurers to bring forward competing schemes of railways between one great city and another. In one, the gradients were imperceptibly lighter—in the other, the curves were a little less abrupt. The Great Direct line crossed a river at a somewhat narrower reach; while the Town and County line passed a third-rate village without a level crossing. The real question was, not how the railway should be made, but whether one cluster of capitalists or another should have the opportunity of speculating in the shares. In the triangular contest on India, Lord JOHN RUSSELL is now engaged in making out his case to the satisfaction of the proper tribunal. It is gratifying to think that, whatever may be the immediate result, the defeated competitors will probably combine to deprive the temporary victor of the fruits of his success.

#### SANDHURST AND WOOLWICH.

GENERAL PEEL has hardly been fairly dealt with in the discussion which has been elicited by the new arrangements for Sandhurst and Woolwich. The language of the Opposition in Parliament on Mr. MONSELL's very useful motion, and of the great organ of the Opposition outside, has been so shaped as to suggest that it was the present SECRETARY for WAR who abolished open competition for Woolwich, and imposed on aspirants to commissions in the scientific corps the obligation of passing a preliminary time of pupillage at Sandhurst. The imputation is certainly unjust. It was Lord PANMURE who prepared the plan of military education which the House of Commons has just condemned, and the announcement that there would be no more competition for appointments to Woolwich proceeded exclusively from the late Minister. General PEEL only interfered to postpone the period at which the new system was to come into operation. He is not, we imagine, committed to it in any way, and we trust there is no reason to suppose that he will cling to it with the irritating tenacity of a great functionary whose pet crotchet has miscarried. The last House of Commons deliberately affirmed the competitive principle, and the present Parliament, following in its track, has now decided, in the particular case of Woolwich, that the cadets shall be chosen by open competition, free from the onerous condition of an undergraduateship at Sandhurst. The opinion of the country is visibly in favour of the more liberal system, and no sort of good reason has been given for suspending or superseding it.

The examination-mania sometimes becomes a form of lunacy with which we should be very sorry to be afflicted. In favour, however, of their general applicability in England competitive examinations have one great witness in their brilliant success at the English Universities, where they have enabled two educational bodies, which might otherwise have been thrown by their constitution and traditions into a moral catalepsy, to become extraordinarily powerful levers of thought and opinion. In all special cases, the question whether open competition is wise or foolish must be decided by actual experiment. Woolwich had really satisfied the

proper criterion, for the cadets had been several times selected competitively, and the authorities agree in admitting that the gentlemen so chosen were superior to the nominees whom they replaced in knowledge, conduct, and docility. Why then return to the discarded system, or to a modification of it? The advocates of Lord PANMURE's plan urge, in reply, that Sandhurst exists, and that it is desirable to make as much use of it as possible; and further, that there are many qualities essential to a good officer which are best tested during a probationary training. The last position is of course perfectly true, but we cannot see why these qualities should not be ascertained to exist during the period of study at Woolwich. Every cadet selected by competitive examination ought to understand that the reward accorded to his intellectual prowess may be lost to him if his conduct, bearing, strength, activity, and even health, should not come up to a fixed standard. As to Sandhurst itself, we cannot conceive anything more injurious to its efficiency than the monopoly which Lord PANMURE proposed to confer on it. It is said that nominations to Sandhurst will be given to every applicant at the Horse Guards, and that the competition between the students at Sandhurst will practically be a competition open to all the world. We do not doubt the good faith of the promise, but those who offer it forget that there is something nearly as important as competition among embryo officers—and that is, competition among the teachers of embryo officers. The effect of temporarily throwing open to the public the Corps of Artillery and Engineers has been, we hear on all sides, to stimulate English education exactly where it wanted stimulus—in the articles of mathematical and natural science. This impetus ceases of course when Sandhurst claims the monopoly of military education; and, moreover, the favoured institution itself instantly enters on the high road to indolence and stagnation. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT called attention on Monday night, as he has done repeatedly before, to the evil influence which the privileges secured to the Military College would probably exercise on its professors. What would be the value of competition at Oxford if all undergraduates were confined to the instruction of one College—or at Cambridge, if everybody were compelled to read with the same private tutor? The Professors at Sandhurst ought to train candidates who can more than hold their own against all the schools in England. It is exceedingly desirable that there should be a Military College in the country, but it should hold its place as a model training-school for officers by right of efficiency, and not by vested privilege. Considering its enormous advantages, we have no doubt that a Government institution exposed to open competition will supply Woolwich with the great majority of its cadets. But make the monopoly one of law, and, till human nature alters, a Professorship at Sandhurst will degenerate into a shelf covered with more or less of a cushion.

We suspect that, after all, the feeling at the bottom of the change is the old idea that some security ought to be provided against the effects of competition on the social rank of officers. It is surprising how long close services are infected with the fear that the competitive principle, like adversity, will bring them strange bedfellows. Some of the civilians in India are reported to make this complaint—an example particularly ridiculous, because, in fact, the successful candidates at the Indian Civil Service Examinations have come almost entirely from the same classes which supply undergraduates to Oxford and Cambridge. Universal as is the delusion, it is one which has no colour either from experience or from antecedent probability. Look at the Universities, in whose system the competitive principle first met with the success which has enabled it to make its way into all corners of English life. There are several well-known Colleges which elect their scholars and exhibitioners by competition among all English youths who have reached a specified age. In the eyes of persons familiar with Oxford or Cambridge, there is flat absurdity in suggesting that the class thus selected must prove inferior, in point of conduct and gentlemanlike bearing, to the residue of the undergraduates, who satisfy no condition except ability to pay the expenses of their education. The reverse is much nearer the truth. Indeed, one would have thought it pretty plain that competitive examinations create something like a differential duty in favour of opulence, and of the refinement which opulence implies. Their tendency is to push up the standard of knowledge; and knowledge, for the majority of men, is one of the most expensive of acquisitions. All the instruments by

which knowledge is obtained during youth are costly. Books are the least important of these tools. Instruction and discipline are essential to the cultivation of nine-tenths of the intellects which are born into the world; and these, to be worth having, must (nowadays, especially) be heavily paid for. The length of time during which an education of the higher order has to be prolonged is itself a commodity denied to the *res angusta domi*. Of course we speak of the ordinary run of young men. Extraordinary talent, self-control, and self-concentration, or here and there the artificial aids afforded by the foundation schools scattered about England, may perhaps overcome the disadvantages which weigh down the less gifted or the less fortunate; but those who are lifted by the facilities of wealth to that advanced point of education which competitive examinations always demand in the long run, have the best of reasons for rejoicing when a straggler from a different class accomplishes the ascent. These accidents disguise their monopoly, and prevent it from becoming odious. Like the *naïve* commonplace that the House of Lords is open to the humblest Englishman, the popular belief that the son of a day-labourer may penetrate, through open competition, to the Indian service or the Engineers, conceals the fact that the laureates of competitive examinations are for the most part as expensively reared as hot-house pineapples.

#### ENGLAND'S DUTY TO PIEDMONT.

THE recent debate in the Sardinian Chamber may well arrest the attention and enlist the sympathies of every English lover of liberty and law. The dignified freedom of the discussion, and the ability of the speakers, afford an ample answer to that cynicism which assumes that the blessings of constitutional government are the exclusive privilege of a particular race, and supply a practical refutation of the shallow assertion that none but Englishmen are fit for liberty.

The splendid oration of Count CAVOUR sets forth the present situation of the Italian question in a light well deserving of the attention of the statesmen of Europe, and especially of England. Successive generations have had cause to rue the cowardly acquiescence by which the free States of Europe became accomplices in the absorption of Poland. The Crimean war was only one among the many bitter fruits which that guilty connivance has borne to the nations who stood by while the wrong was consummated. But Poland in the eighteenth century was a decrepit kingdom, and there was at least some excuse for the blindness with which surrounding nations consented to her ruin. The Sardinian claim on Europe, however, is that of a small but flourishing and spirited people engaged in an arduous, yet hopeful struggle. If the cause of Italian liberty is to be fought out at all, it can only be through Sardinia. There alone, in the midst of the insensate projects which an intolerable tyranny perpetually breeds, we see the practical solution of the problem by which States which have been degraded by despotism may pass with security and peace into the region of order, liberty, and law. There may be politicians, here and elsewhere, who will view such a spectacle with the selfish indifference which, in their eyes, constitutes a prudent policy—who will imagine, like Lord MALMESBURY, that “to abandon, means to forsake” some one whom you are bound to protect either by some “law of nature or some recent and specific promise.” Such men, in their profound shortsightedness, may conceive that England has nothing to do with any subject that does not immediately touch her own material interests. We shall not argue now against a doctrine which we believe has little hold on the public opinion of a free country. If there is any man who supposes that, in the present aspect of European politics, it can be a matter of indifference to England whether, in the great issue which the Sardinian people has so bravely raised, the cause of freedom or that of despotism shall prevail, we hardly know how to deal with one on whom the lessons of history and the truths of reason are alike exhausted in vain.

The speech of Count CAVOUR may be regarded as a formal exposition of policy, and an appeal to the civilized world on behalf of the country whose affairs he so worthily conducts, rather than as an argument on the particular measure before the Chamber. Whatever may be the merits of the *De Foresta* law, which the Sardinian Legislature has now definitively adopted, Europe has much cause to rejoice that the result of the division has not been to shake a Government on whose continuance so much depends. Count CAVOUR tells us that, after the

disaster of Novara and the peace of Milan, the Government of Piedmont had tendered to it the choice of Hercules. Sardinian statesmen might, after that terrible catastrophe which blasted the fair hopes that had dawned upon Italy, have accepted, if not without disgrace, at least without reproach, an inglorious but a safe submission. Few could have ventured to accuse them of pusillanimity if they had hopelessly succumbed to a reverse which appeared irretrievable. “We might,” says the Sardinian Minister, “bowing to an adverse fate, have absolutely renounced all the aspirations which had guided the conduct of CHARLES ALBERT in his latest years; we might have shut ourselves up strictly within the limits of our own country, keeping our eyes fixed on the ground in order not to see what was doing beyond the Ticino and the Magra, and devoting ourselves exclusively to the moral and material interests of our own State.” Such a system offered, as Count CAVOUR justly says, “immense advantages.” A small State, exhausted by war, beaten in battle, and burdened with taxation, might have reposed in a secure tranquillity under the bayonets which guarantee the tyranny of Naples, and stand sentry over the dungeons of Rome. But the men of Piedmont kept alive in their breasts something of the spirit of

Those slaughtered saints whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.

They had met their Cannæ at Novara, but, like the Romans of old, they did not despair of the commonwealth. “The adoption of that system,” says the Piedmontese orator, “would have implied an absolute renunciation of all the ideas of our future; it would have obliged us to abandon the glorious traditions of the House of SAVOY, and repudiate unworthily the mournful but noble heritage of CHARLES ALBERT.” They had what we do not hesitate to call the astonishing courage to embrace a policy which is thus defined, with equal firmness and moderation, by the statesman who has played the principal part in conducting it:—“Though restricted within the sphere of political action, we determined to continue the enterprise in which we had just failed on the battle-field. Our principal objects were, in the first place, to prove to Europe that the Italian peoples were capable of free government, and that it was possible to reconcile a system of liberty, loyally but largely practised, with a due respect for those great principles of social order which were then threatened in other parts of Europe. This being done, we had, in the second place, to seek means of contending in the field of diplomacy on behalf of the interests of the other parts of Italy. In the last few years we have applied ourselves to removing the prejudices which existed with regard to us, whilst, on the other hand, we have always sought every opportunity to make ourselves the interpreters and defenders of the other parts of Italy.” Count CAVOUR proceeds to point out how this noble and generous policy was sagaciously and vigorously acted upon—first, by the arms of Piedmont in the valley of the Tchernaya, and secondly, by her statesmen at the Congress of Paris. He is well entitled to boast that the part which the Sardinian army played in the late war raised his country in the esteem of Europe; and he justly prides himself on the protest which, as a nation treating on equal terms with the Great Powers, Piedmont recorded at Paris, when she presented for the first time the spectacle of “the Italian cause advocated by an Italian Power.” The principles of the policy which Count CAVOUR thus sets forth, and the appeal which he founds on the manner in which Sardinia has laboured to carry them out, cannot be regarded by England with indifference and neglect.

Matters have now reached a point at which the question arises, in a form of pressing and immediate urgency, whether Sardinia shall or shall not be supported by the moral, and if necessary by the physical, influence of England. Lord PALMERSTON, who in 1848 ruined the Italian cause, has unworthily betrayed it again. The same arts by which Sicily was enticed to its destruction ten years ago, have now been repeated towards Sardinia. We have led her on, for purposes of our own, to a point at which, so far as Lord PALMERSTON was concerned, it was resolved to abandon her as soon as she was irretrievably committed. It may certainly be alleged, in excuse for Lord MALMESBURY, that the free action of the present Government was greatly hampered by the treachery of its predecessors. Nevertheless, we cannot but think it would have been far wiser in the present Minister for Foreign Affairs to repudiate the double-dealing



of Lord CLARENDON, which the country has already condemned. The language of Lord MALMESBURY, both in his despatches, and in the debate of Thursday night, indicates, we regret to say, a desire to acquiesce in the bad faith which he is unable to justify; but we have seen enough of the influences by which the policy of the present Government is swayed to be aware that the Foreign Office will readily adopt the course which public opinion may dictate to it. It is for the English people to decide, in the crisis to which the blundering of our diplomacy has brought the Sardinian people, whether they—and, with them, the Italian cause—shall or shall not be abandoned. Count CAVOUR justly appeals—and we trust that he will not appeal in vain—to the great and growing sympathy which the struggle of his Government has called forth in all free States throughout the world. The time has arrived when the sincerity of that sympathy must be tested.

There is one portion of Count CAVOUR's speech to which, as Englishmen, we cannot refer without regret and shame. He was bitterly attacked by the Radical Opposition in the Chamber for his disposition to cultivate the French alliance, as shown by his introduction of a Conspiracy Bill. His reply was one to the prudence and patriotism of which no candid person can demur. He showed how the policy which he had so well described had aroused the resentment of Powers which had different interests in Italy from those of Piedmont. His Government had consequently had to occupy itself much with the danger to which this state of things had necessarily given rise. "We have endeavoured," he said, "to solve this question by a system of alliances with the Western Powers who had no interests in Italy contrary to ours. Unhappily, fortune is not always the friend of strict right and justice—fortune is now, as in the days of FREDERICK THE GREAT, the friend of great armies. When a nation has not large squadrons to dispose of, it must endeavour to secure, in case of need, the support of the large squadrons of its friends and allies. . . . But then we shall be told that we should make alliances with peoples who have institutions and profess opinions similar to our own. But, I would remind you, history teaches us that the boldest and bravest of free nations have not disdained to have recourse to alliances with Governments founded on very different principles, when they girt themselves up to great enterprises of liberty and independence. Did not the countrymen of WILLIAM TELL, when they were assailed by the Duke of BURGUNDY, resort to the alliance of LOUIS XI.? And, at a later day, did not the Puritans of New England ally themselves with LOUIS XVI., and the illustrious FRANKLIN, the father of American democracy, mingle with courtiers in the antechambers of Versailles?"

There is no mistaking the meaning of this passage. Sardinia, deceived and betrayed by the English Government, is forced to take refuge in the French alliance. A second Lord NORTH has driven another FRANKLIN to seek at the French Court the weapons with which to fight the battle of liberty. This alienation is due to no want of sympathy with the English people or with English institutions, for Count CAVOUR is compelled to defend himself from the charge of *Anglomania*. There occurs, in this part of his speech, a sentence which furnishes, we believe, the key to the inexplicable conduct of the PALMERSTON Cabinet throughout the transactions of the past few months. "We have been unable," says the Sardinian Minister, "to follow England in the *rapprochement* which she has thought fit to make to Austria." Nor is Count CAVOUR's assertion our only authority for the fact that it was in consequence of an Austrian intrigue that the late Cabinet resolved to throw overboard the undertaking into which it had entered with the Government of Piedmont. It is for this reason that the fall of Lord PALMERSTON, which was so calmly accepted by his own country, was bitterly deplored by the official press of Vienna. Courts are generally a good deal more shortsighted than mobs in such matters, and the Austrian Cabinet has taken the exact measure of a "spirited foreign policy." They knew well enough that the real liberal public opinion of England could never be so effectually muzzled as by a politician who, while borrowing its phrases, systematically betrays its principles. Fortunately this reign of imposture is at an end, and with it, we trust, the bad faith which has so seriously compromised the reputation and the interests of England. We owe Sardinia great amends, and we have no right to complain of the distrust with which she so naturally regards us. We hope

that the House of Commons will enforce on the present Ministry the manly policy which they seem to want the spirit to initiate. It is high time for us to clear our character as a nation, by ranging ourselves decisively on the side of Sardinia in the perils in which we have involved her. Shameful, indeed, would it be if the cause of liberty and law, for which she is making so gallant a fight, should be handed over to the treacherous patronage of France, because Englishmen have not the honesty or the courage to stand by the faith they have pledged on behalf of the freedom they profess to love.

#### THE CALCUTTA PETITIONS.

THE "Calcutta Petitioners," who have now become a proverb of mendacity and vindictiveness, have lost perhaps in distinctness that which they have gained in infamy. It may be worth while re-stating who the authors of those celebrated Petitions were, and what were the objects which they attempted to realize. About the middle of August last, just at the time when the British public were becoming alive to the frightful character of the emergency in India, there arrived two separate Petitions, signed by large numbers of the lawyers and shopkeepers in Calcutta, and proceeding therefore from the class which resides there to make money, and not to govern. One of these Petitions asked for the recall of Lord CANNING, and stated, as the basis of its prayer, a number of supposed facts, proving the inadequacy of the measures taken by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to prevent, and the impolicy of those adopted to suppress, the now nearly universal mutiny of the Bengal army. The other Petition prayed the extinction of the East India Company, and the transfer of the sovereignty over India to the Crown. It was this last-mentioned paper which contained the suggestions now commonly associated with the Calcutta malcontents. It demanded the permanent degradation of the natives, and the elevation of the European settlers to a dominant aristocracy, represented in an elective Council. The very different fate which these two Petitions have met with, and the confusion which at the same time exists in many minds between them, are well worth attending to, and form an excellent commentary on the first of the Resolutions submitted to the House of Commons by Mr. DISRAELI.

English politicians fastened at once on the Petition which demanded the recall of Lord CANNING. It was curious to observe the attention which Parliament, immediately on its assembling, bestowed on the charges against the GOVERNOR-GENERAL as distinguished from those against the Company. In either House might be seen twenty or thirty copies of the Red Pamphlet which contained the case of the Calcutta malcontents, with a variety of additions dictated by the individual malignity of the anonymous writer. It was evident that the personal question—the question in which one of themselves was interested—had alone any interest for English senators. Indifference or conscious ignorance hardly allowed them to be even curious about the fate of the great Eastern corporation. Whatever the cause, the effect was to sift thoroughly every item of the indictment against the GOVERNOR-GENERAL and his subordinates. Probably such an exposure never occurred before. Every material fact alleged by the Petitioners was blown into the air. Calcutta is now commonly regarded as a sort of mint of lies, and in truth it is hard to believe that such an amount of wilful misrepresentation was ever before brought home to so small a society. Meanwhile, the suggestions of the less conspicuous Petition have come insensibly to share in the discredit into which the whole race of Red Pamphlets has descended. In the same debate in which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON was compelled to retract the belief he had expressed in some of the charges against Lord CANNING, Sir ERSKINE PERRY, whose opinions on Indian Government are notorious, might be heard denouncing the proposal for degrading the Hindoo into the bond-servant of the European. We hear men protesting on all sides against the claim of the European settlers to be recognised as an oligarchy of race, but we don't hear them insisting on the logical consequence of their protests. There is, in truth, a general confusion in people's minds on the subject of the Calcutta Petitions, and it is to this that we wish to draw attention. The *Edinburgh Review* and various other organs of the late Government have been taking credit for Lord CANNING on the ground that he resisted the trading community of Calcutta in its attempt to deprive the natives of their civil privileges and their laws. But

the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, whatever may be his views of the relation between natives and Europeans, made no such resistance as that on which he is felicitated, for the simple reason that he was never asked to help in carrying out the project of the Calcutta traders. The malcontent party in India have at least this advantage over their backers in England—that, from mere contiguity, they really know something about the machinery of Indian Government. Instead, therefore, of complaining of Lord CANNING for not assisting in a revolution which he had no power to effect, they prayed for the abolition of the Court of Directors as the true obstacle to the gratification of their cruel ambition. And, in soliciting the extinction of the Company, they took the only view of it which is ever taken by its enemies in India. The Directors are here reviled by the missionaries as favourers of heathenism, by the late PRIME MINISTER as “a set of merchants,” by the wags of Brookes’s as “cheese-mongers,” by the rump of Young India as altogether corrupt, cruel, and abominable; but in the empire which they govern, they are consistently abused, by all but the instruments of their policy, as *negrophiles*. It will be found that no malcontent who has really resided in India has ever any grievance against the Company except that it has placed the Hindoo too nearly on the footing of the European.

The case with reference to the two Petitions from Calcutta stands, therefore, thus. The allegations of one of them have been completely exploded, and the conclusion has been rejected. The grievances assigned in the other have been declared to have no foundation, but the conclusion has been accepted. A comparatively immaterial concession—the recall of Lord CANNING—has been refused; but a measure of enormous importance and wholly unascertained extent—the abolition of the East India Company—has been assented to. Meantime, it would be impudence to pretend that the transfer of authority to the Crown was determined on upon grounds quite independent of the Calcutta Petitions. Those documents arrived in the very nick of time, and instantly gave the tone both to party malevolence and to the national spirit of fault-finding. The Opposition journals instantly fastened on Lord CANNING’s supposed imbecility; and the *Times*, translating the Calcutta grievances into a form likely to be palatable to a Spurgeonizing generation, began to denounce “caste,” and to get up a cry against “traditional policy.” Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. VERNON SMITH had just then to consider what sort of sacrifice they should make to popular clamour. Probably they were misled in part by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON’s silly speeches in Worcestershire, which seemed to indicate that the Opposition were ready to renew their Young Indian follies; but, to do the then Ministers justice, we believe that in selecting the Company for a holocaust, they really imagined they were yielding the least pernicious of the concessions demanded of them. The recall of Lord CANNING was of course out of the question with a partisan Cabinet, and it is not likely that a Prime Minister who least of all men is led astray by illusions was at all inclined to reverse the settled and thoroughly tried principles of Indian policy. Lord PALMERSTON doubtless thought he could abolish the Court of Directors without jeopardizing the course of government which they have established in India. But the experiment will be like snapping the mainspring of a watch to preserve its wheels. We are glad to find Mr. GLADSTONE recognising the great truth that the Directors always have been, and still are, the sole reliable security against a revolution which would change the paternal government of India into the economy of the American Slave States. It has been said by the more thoughtful advocates of the India Bills—among others, by Lord STANLEY at Lynn—that their effect will simply be to transfer the chief government of India to India itself. The position is true in one sense; but who are the functionaries in India whose hands will be strengthened? Not the servants of the Company—not the men whose life has been spent in the country, and who, speaking the language of the natives, have penetrated to the basis of common human nature which underlies the superficial moral deformities produced by a perverted civilization. The officials who will be immensely stronger under the new system will be the political authorities sent out for short periods of service from home. These functionaries are to nominate their own advisers; and, even should the Councillors nominated be men who have painfully acquired an Indian experience, their authority, which even now can be nullified technically at any moment, will be deprived of all moral weight as soon as there ceases to be a Home Government which understands

them and sympathizes with them. The load of prejudice which every Englishman carries out with him to India is too vast, the ignorance he labours under is too dense, the disdain of native opinions which he has to overcome is too natural, and too closely connected with Anglo-Saxon pride of race, for us to have the slightest confidence that the rights of the Hindoo will be safe with one of our countrymen, simply because he is appointed, through the influence of his political friends, to a high office in India.

#### IMPERIAL FINANCE.

THE estimates contained in a French Budget have in general so slight a relation to actual facts, that when we hear that it is proposed to equalize the receipts and expenditure for 1859, with a little assistance from the sums which would in due course be devoted to the Sinking Fund, the statement produces a very different impression from the somewhat similar announcements of Mr. DISRAELI in our own case. It is in the nature of all expenses to grow somewhat in excess of previous calculations; but this tendency has been so wonderfully developed in the finances of France of late years, that the estimates seem to be framed rather to represent what may look upon paper like a reasonable amount of expenditure, than to give any near approximation to what is likely to be incurred.

The complete financial narrative of 1855 has just appeared in the columns of the *Moniteur*. It was a year of war, and some excess in expenditure might be fairly expected. Still the military operations were not only foreseen, but commenced, when the Budget was prepared, and it is therefore rather startling to find an estimate of about 64,000,000*l.* rising to an actual disbursement of 95,000,000*l.* The Report in the *Moniteur*, after ascribing every possible item of the excess to military expenditure, still leaves something like 6,000,000*l.* to represent the amount by which the expenses of the State, apart from the conduct of the war, exceeded the estimate formed of them at the commencement of the year. Thus the Ministry of State was half a million in excess. The Ministry of the Interior took an additional million. Public Works absorbed more than 600,000*l.* beyond what had been calculated on, and so on through every department. In the face of such an illustration of the fallaciousness of financial calculations in France, one is not disposed to place much confidence in the Budget for 1859, and we must wait somewhat longer before we can believe that the Empire has really left off running into debt. There is only one way in which the system of reckless expenditure which has been pursued could have supported itself, and we therefore read without surprise that the annual charge of the funded debt of France has increased since 1848 by 4,000,000*l.*, and that of the floating debt by 480,000*l.* In fact, if it had not been for a saving effected by the conversion of the 5 per Cent. Rentes, it seems that the total increase of annual charge would have been five millions and a half sterling, representing altogether loans to the amount of 112,000,000*l.* in the course of ten years—of which, perhaps, one half may have been called for by the expenses of the war, while the rest has been devoted to the internal administration of the Republic and the Empire. Revolutions and *coups d'état* are costly things, but if the outlay were incurred once for all it might be a less ominous affair. Unfortunately, the annual expense of maintaining order in Imperial fashion is almost as formidable as the prime cost of saving society, and up to the present time there has been no attempt to bring the expenditure of the State within such reasonable limits as to obviate the necessity of repeated loans.

The Budget for the coming year, we are told, is to change all this, for it professes at last to equalize the receipts and expenditure. The capital account is to be closed, and henceforth annual charges are to be defrayed out of annual income. This promise, if it has no other merit, is valuable as an acknowledgment of the unsoundness of the system hitherto pursued. On the face of it, the Budget shows an estimated surplus of a trifling amount, but this pleasant result is only obtained by drawing more than 3,000,000*l.* from the Sinking Fund. As our own Ministers have manufactured their surplus in exactly the same way, without meeting with any very violent remonstrance on the part of the tax-payers who are relieved by the process, it would be scarcely fair to refer to this device as evidence of the unsatisfactory nature of French finance; and if one



could rely on the promise of the Budget being fulfilled, it would really deserve to be regarded as the inauguration of a better system. The Commission charged to report on the financial scheme of the Government would, perhaps, have been thought to have exceeded its functions if it had dilated on any doctrines of finance without giving the Government credit for having duly observed them. The Report has accordingly assumed a rather ironical form, and attributes to the present Budget every conceivable merit which was conspicuously wanting in those of former years. The Administration is complimented on its return to sound financial principles; and under cover of this rather transparent flattery, the duty of balancing its income and its outlay is urged with an earnestness which is scarcely compatible with a sincere belief that the promised equilibrium will be attained in 1859.

Even the partial restoration of the Sinking Fund to its legitimate purpose fills the Commission with so much admiration that they cannot forbear dwelling on the importance of Sinking Funds in general, and the delusive character of a surplus which is made up of drafts from such a source. Lest this should seem to condemn the present scheme, which continues to some extent the customary appropriation of the Fund, the censure is veiled by the acknowledgment that the Government has shown itself alive to the necessity of retracing its steps and entering upon a new course of financial administration. But the past, as well as the present, policy of the Government demanded a justification at the hands of the Commission appointed to review the proposals of the Administration, and the report combines unqualified praise of all that has been done, with the strongest condemnation of the principles which have hitherto been paramount. Exceptional measures are ascribed to exceptional necessities; but it is distinctly proclaimed that the time has now come for the abandonment of all empirical manoeuvres, and the settlement of the national expenditure on a footing sufficiently economical to dispense with the necessity of further loans in any shape. By some curious process of reasoning, the Commission arrives at the conviction that the unsuccessful attempt of ORSINI is the legitimate turning-point of Imperial finance. Up to the moment when the bombs exploded, the sole duty of the Government was to fulfil its mission of restoring order, and manufacturing public and private prosperity, regardless of cost. But now, says the report, the odious attempt of the conspirators has elicited the sympathies of Europe, and the Government, firmly established in public confidence, enters upon a period of peace and glory. The inference of the Commission is a very practical if not a very obvious one. "This is the moment to return to the principles of sound financial administration." The conclusion is so desirable a one to enforce, that we need not be hard upon the reasoning by which ORSINI's crime is made the occasion for financial repentance. The Commissioners had a difficult task thrown upon them. They had to enforce principles of economy on a Government which had proved itself utterly reckless in its expenditure, and they were compelled to do this without exceeding the limits of that emasculated criticism which is alone permitted to the representatives of the people under the Imperial Constitution. Some plea had to be found to take the past out of the wholesome rules to be laid down for the future, and ORSINI's conspiracy answered the purpose as well as anything else.

It must not be supposed that the scheme of expenditure for the next year is at all parsimonious. Apart from the provision for the Sinking Fund, the whole amount is between 60,000,000*l.* and 70,000,000*l.*, which involves an amount of taxation heavier than even patient England is generally disposed to submit to. We do not wonder that the Commission should be anxious to point out the possibility of more economical measures, or that the warlike portion of the estimates should be indicated as affording the greatest scope for retrenchment. The military and naval departments are set down for an increase of 800,000*l.*, out of which, however, some reductions in other particulars effect a saving of about 200,000*l.* Even the ingenuity of the Commission fails to explain the propriety of this addition to the cost of its armaments at the moment of "peace and glory" to which the Empire has attained. Almost every other department calls for a greater or less increase on the estimates of previous years, but even with this liberal provision for all contingencies, the total of the estimated expenditure probably falls short by many millions of the actual amount paid away in any one year of the Republic or the Empire. Extravagant as an outlay of 70,000,000*l.* may

seem, France will be a great gainer if the Government should really abandon its reckless system of borrowing, and confine its expenses within the ample margin which it has prescribed for itself. That it intends to do so is the assumption on which the flattery of the Report is founded; but its whole tone betrays an uneasy conviction of the truth that Budgets and Reports are little more than forms, and that an absolute Government will spend just as much as can be levied by taxation or raised on credit, with but little regard to previous estimates and no apprehension of future criticism. Any experienced spendthrift can foresee the end of such a course.

#### CHURCH EXTENSION.

THE value of the labours of the Committee which the Bishop of EXETER has obtained to inquire into the deficiencies of Church accommodation in London and other large towns, will be indirect rather than positive. Indeed, it is perhaps premature to anticipate that there will be any results from it in a condensed and tangible shape. If it is objected that it is hard to see what the Bishop of EXETER himself thinks will come of it, we may reply that perhaps he is of the same mind. Enough is done by getting men to think, and leaving the results to the laws which connect thought and action. For ourselves, we consider that Lord GRANVILLE's protest against any expectations of secular aid to the Church of England in the form of a grant of public money was quite unnecessary. Nobody really expects anything of the kind, and the best friends of the Church of England are probably convinced that the shrewdest policy of the Anti-State-Church Association would be to persuade the State to give, and the Church to accept, a million sterling for Church Extension. *Danaos et dona ferentes*—there would be an end of the Church if it consented to a fatal present of this kind.

Nor do we expect from the Committee any great substantial addition to our statistical information. We all know everything about Church accommodation and Church extension. The number of churches built, and the number required, the average of conceivable church-goers, how many clergy we have per church, and how many churches per thousand of the population, have been calculated over and over again. We know also what has been done, and what is doing, in the way of meeting "the spiritual deficiencies of large towns." The result is, that, with a spirit of Church-building unknown for at least the last four hundred years in Europe, and which has increased more than tenfold during the present century among ourselves, the supply of new churches, large as it is, is outstripped by the growth of population. Not only do we fail to overtake the neglects of the last century, but we do not provide for our own growth. We have no sinking-fund, and we add to our public debt every year. Theoretically, there can be but one end of all this. A national debt of 800 millions apparently ought to have but one result—namely, national bankruptcy; and, in like manner, as it is quite impossible to build and endow a church for every 4000 people, and to provide for the annual support of a clergyman for every 2000 souls—which is the accredited scale—it would seem that we are on the certain road to spiritual insolvency. We may, therefore, as well see whether the Church of England question does not lie somewhat deeper than this arithmetical dead-lock.

Given an Established Church, and it is supposed that we ought to find in it a body of public functionaries—a spiritual police force—the inspector and constables fixed at convenient distances, doing nothing but the work of the ministry, and doing it in the most perfect way. This is what an Established Church ought to be. As we have an Established Church, how is it that all this is not at work? Those great authorities, *Paterfamilias* and *Habitans in Sacco*, say that, because we have an Established Church, every household in England ought to be supplied with its preaching, visiting, and pecuniary relief, of the best quality and largest amount; though all the while, they and the ten thousands who read their nonsense know very well that, in this sense, there is no Established Church, and that, humanly speaking, there never can be. There never was an Established Church which lived on its own resources and made no demands on contemporaneous liberality. The simple fact is, that in all ages the voluntary system has more or less prevailed—in every period of the Church the individual has paid for his own personal religion. In these days we are either friends of the Establishment because we are glad to think that an Establish-

ment does not require more to live on than the interest of its capital; or we are admirers of the Voluntary system, especially in that form which makes it quite voluntary not to give to the Church at all. Of these two classes the English people is made up; and while this view prevails, it is simply useless to think of Church Extension, on any adequate scale, by the State. If the Bishop of EXETER'S Committee does anything to clear the public mind, both as to what we want and what we are ready to pay for, it will do much. But if it is all to end in suggestions about sub-districts, and redistributing endowments, and thimble-rigging the estimates, we shall have a large Blue Book, but nothing will be done.

We shall perhaps be denounced as heartless and unspiritual; but the whole matter is really only an economical one. The Church, like any other institution, must be paid for, to be efficient. We are all of us extremely interested in the efficiency of the system; and about one in five hundred of us takes the only step to make it efficient by paying for it. Ever since there was religion upon the earth, it has been found to be an expense; and one of two things is sure to follow—either we must make up our minds to pay, and to pay very largely for it, or we must go without it. It is too often thought that in the matter of religion, as in other things, we can both eat our cake and have it; but the inquiry by the House of Lords will prove that we have not the cake. Our own belief is, that all the redistribution of the revenues of City or other churches will not really grapple with the evil—the cake is eaten. The ancient mediæval endowments cannot be stretched much further. There is but one Finsbury stall; and the old Church Commission pared the nails down to the very quick. It is the merest folly to suppose that anything short of paying for public religion out of our own purses will do. This can be done only in two ways—by general taxation, or by the largest and most generous private efforts. The former method it is quite ridiculous to discuss. And we certainly do but little in the other direction; nor are we likely to do much more under present circumstances. For though a great deal has been accomplished in the way of building new churches, within the last thirty years, we much question whether a hundred *bonâ fide* livings of the only available type have been founded for the last century in England. It is an easier as well as a more showy thing to build a fine new church, all pinnacles and tracery, than to settle 500*l.* a-year in the funds on the new parish or incumbent for ever. And we have now arrived at another stage of the difficulty. The fashion of church building has reached the high-water level, and it is said that the tide is turning. The cry—for in ecclesiastical as in political matters there are cries—is now, or in London is said to be, for men, and not for churches. That is to say, being very nearly at a dead-lock, it occurs to us that to raise 100*l.* a-year for a clergyman is cheaper than to sink 10,000*l.* on a new church. But this is only a makeshift. The 100*l.* a-year curate is not the article that the public wants. The British mind is not prepared either to produce it on the one hand, or to use it on the other. The 100*l.* per annum curate implies, not what we all understand by church extension (that is, the subdivision of parishes, on the infinitely dichotomizing principle), but a clergy celibate or collegiate—something, in short, which, with our prejudices, we should be apt to look upon as a caste. At present we doubt whether the British public is ready to accept, as a solution of the Church difficulty, a large plan, however practical and rational—not for building new churches, for if the present churches were only used as they might be, not only many times every week, but many times every Sunday, they would be sufficient—but for establishing missionary colleges in the great overgrown parishes. What people want is to see a parish of 50,000 souls neatly divided into twelve new parishes, each with its two clergymen, the parsonage-house and the parson's wife, and the parson's six children—all well born, well bred, well fed, well dressed, well educated, doing all sorts of angels' work, feeding, instructing, teaching, and toiling, never sick nor sorry—and all at the moderate figure of 150*l.* a year, the normal endowment of a PEEL district.

The late Bishop of LONDON tried this—with what success, it would be alike painful and unprofitable to inquire. It will be said that the work is so noble, and the British character so good, that clergymen of the highest type, amply endowed with private means, will always be found for these Bethnal Green and Manchester

parishes. The simple fact is, that they are not found. The status of the candidates for orders is sensibly lowering. It is only in a very few instances that what the Bishop of OXFORD calls "scholars and gentlemen" are found in the dark lanes of great cities. It is not in human nature to expect that the Church will henceforth absorb, as it has done, the salt of educated England. Other callings present greater advantages, and whatever weight we attach to other than worldly motives, history teaches us that the social character of the clergy does depend on its resources. The resources of the English Church are yearly decreasing. The charge of education in country parishes falls mainly on the clergy—the abolition of Church-rates will press in most places on them—the Burial Act has annihilated their incomes in many towns, and has diminished them in all. Are we ready to receive a shoal of "literate"—the class, that is, who form the staple of dissenting teachers—earnest and shabby Scripture Readers and Town Missionaries, and the like, who are equally ignorant of Church antiquity and of the doctrine of the aspirate? Possibly they may do what is wanted by the public—at any rate, they will always be forthcoming. But this article is not what we have been accustomed to, nor what at present better minds among us have a right to expect in the English Church. It is not the sort of thing that either CHAUCER, or GEORGE HERBERT, or recent novelists paint. And as to the Collegiate system, we wish that we thought sufficiently well of the British mind to believe that anything so sensible would be accepted generally. Consequently, whilst we are quite certain that we are at a dead-lock, and whilst we have no hopes of a golden key from the State, we are yet thankful that an opportunity is offered for bringing out the solid, substantial, ugly fact which too many of us are so desirous not to face—namely, that we are at this dead-lock. In a word, we must either do what we have never done before in the way of personal gifts and sacrifices for religion—and do it, too, not only in a new spirit but under a new system—or we must make up our minds to the growth of a population such as the world has never seen since Europe became Christian.

#### PUBLIC SPEAKING.

IN a very interesting article, of which the greatest fault is its brevity, the new number of the *Quarterly* enforces the doctrine that the secret of success in public speaking is labour. The writer collects the confessions of acknowledged orators, and proves that either they all ascribe their triumphs to constant application, or that, if they were negligent of the means, the result they attained was very imperfect. We cannot consider the point to be absolutely established. There have been very great orators of whom it is certainly not known that they studied oratory. The greatest orator of the English bar was Erskine, and the greatest triumph ever achieved by forensic oratory in England was attained when a jury, after hearing him for the defendant in an action of *crim. con.* were so wrought on by his eloquence, that they wished to make the plaintiff—the injured husband—pay damages. But Erskine no more studied oratory than every man who does a thing well thinks how he can do it very well. Fox, again, is so obviously a case the other way, that the Reviewer, to get over him, is obliged to say that his speeches are very poor reading—which, however true, tells as much against the theory as for it, since the reason why a speech that reads well fell flat on the audience may be that it was too carefully prepared. However, we may readily concede that although great orators have lived who have never studied oratory, yet the majority of eminent speakers have taken great pains to acquire the art; and it cannot for a moment be doubted that many persons who could only speak with very moderate success if untrained, may yet, after a long and severe training, come to speak really well. But the article in the *Quarterly* goes further than this. It is intended to support a doctrine lately broached by Lord Stanhope, at Aberdeen, that the cultivation of the power of speaking should be made a regular part of the ordinary education of a gentleman. This is a doctrine to which we cannot assent, and for the simple reason that anything like systematic instruction in speaking would encourage, not oratory, but rhetoric.

A habit of despising declamation is one of the best features of the British character; and one of the soundest sentiments of general society is its contempt for that adherence to the utterers of wordy platitudes which is displayed by small circles such as the religious world and the lovers of pothouse politics. We are still so far remote from stump oratory, that we wish a man to have something to say before he speaks. The way to break through this feeling would be to teach every young man to be able to dilate on any theme for half an hour. All the lessons of antiquity, and all the examples of modern orators, only apply to men who are marked out by their position and by their natural gifts to be great. They have nothing to do with the mere elegant expansion of commonplaces. It would be dreadful to go



into a society where every one had the wish and the power to talk, just as it is a subject of complaint rather than of gratulation that the national habit and the national system of education prompt almost every Scotchman to discuss metaphysics and theology at a moment's notice. The aim of general education ought to be to cultivate the power of admiring and appreciating great men, and the modesty which teaches that little men ought to be dumb when great men are present to speak. Indeed, the very opposite of Lord Stanhope's doctrine appears to us the truth. Men ought to learn to avoid boring their neighbours, and to subdue the vanity which practised fluency inspires. Let us be thankful that most persons stammer when their health is drunk, and are bewildered at the kind reception which their name has met with.

Even with individuals who have really a call to speak, it usually happens that it is their general training, rather than any special training for oratory, which makes them orators. It is said that Pitt was asked by what method he acquired his readiness of speech, and he replied that it was very much due to a practice enjoined on him by his father, of reading a book in some foreign language, turning it into English as he went along, and pausing when he was at a loss for a fitting word, until the right expression came. But this practice, which the reviewer, in telling the anecdote, speaks of as peculiar to Pitt, is a practice which every boy in the head form of a public school follows every day of his life. Nor, on the other hand, is the advantage of a special and conscious training always apparent. Lord Brougham is a great speaker, but the effect of his speeches is seriously marred by his unfortunate and perpetual imitation of Cicero. Still, persons who are destined for public life in England, and who aspire to reach the higher level of Parliamentary discussion, may often gain by zealously preparing for the coming trial. It is not encouraging to see so many young members as there are at present who are perfectly contented with a mediocrity of success; and any one who deliberately cultivated the art of speaking would probably meet with his reward. So, too, at the bar, although the power of speaking which professional practice is sure to give generally suffices for the attainment of professional success, there is always room for any one to figure as a first-rate speaker. But there are very few men who have the art to conceal art; and young men already receive the exact education which, while just stopping short of treating oratory as an art, teaches apt scholars to speak without involving them in the danger of being artificial. The union of classical studies with debating societies, which is to be found at both the Universities and at many of the public schools, supplies as much instruction as it is safe to give, except to very extraordinary individuals. The familiar knowledge of the great works of classical antiquity, and the habit of twisting the dead tongues backwards and forwards, give readiness of language, precision of ideas, and above all, an appreciation of high excellence. To this is added, in the debating society, a means of acquiring the power of facing an assembly, some little knowledge of what an audience will stand, and a fluency and ease which are often too great rather than too little. Occasionally youths may be found who can safely go a step further—who can learn and repeat fine passages without imbibing a taste for empty declamation, and who can examine and imitate the minuter beauties of celebrated orators without becoming frigid and pedantic. But such persons are exceptional; and though an older person, who sees all that they are worth, might wisely urge them to make the experiment of a special training, their success, however great, could not without great mischief be made the basis of a general system.

It is thought that the clergy would derive great benefit if, when young, they were regularly instructed in the art of speaking, and that their sermons would be more lively and impressive. Experience is not much in favour of this hypothesis. The dreariest of all dreary sermons are those which are marked by correctness of sentiment and elegance of language, which are shaped after a pattern, and are efforts of fine writing or speaking on a Gospel theme. Who in this day could read Blair's *Sermons* with profit? Sermons are not generally dull because the preacher says what he has to say badly, but because he has nothing to say. He has never realized his subject so vividly as to bring it home to others. To be a good preacher, a man must, above all things, feel the difficulties of the point he is handling, and the perception and recognition of difficulties is not a favourite exercise with any clerical body. Nor is it ever possible to separate the sermon from the man. Sincerity is the first requisite of pulpit oratory. If to this quality, and to the conviction that it is necessary to mean something, are added warmth of feeling and a certain width of general cultivation, the sermon is sure to be pretty good, provided always that it is not too long. The sincere man is under the same temptation as the rhetorician. The one is carried away by the matter, as the other is by the manner—each finds it difficult to believe that his hearers have had enough. It is, however, only educated hearers that complain of repetition, for it would be very hard to prove that the poor think the ordinary sort of sermon dull. Now educated persons are not to be coaxed into thinking a poor sermon a good one by any machinery of neat sentences and happy allusions. They are only interested when what they hear seems to come from the heart of the author, and to be the fruit of his experience,

or the exposition of his own wants; and they cannot be put off with empty flourishes of rhetoric, any more than an angry House of Commons can be quieted with the choicest quotation from Horace.

It must also be remembered that the experiment recommended for speaking has already been tried and abandoned with regard to writing. Nearly a century ago, *Blair's Lectures* were written to teach the art of style. Passages of Addison were to be taken and turned in different ways, and cut to pieces, and learnt by heart. Words were not to occur except in a certain order. There was to be a regulation allowance of metaphors and similes. The fashion had its day. The Johnsonian style was highly approved, and was thought far finer than that of Goldsmith, who did not trouble himself much about the rules of composition. Gradually the public woke to the conviction that the unstudied writer beat the studied; and the art of fine writing went rapidly down in estimation, until it sank to be the exclusive possession of schoolmistresses, who, as the friends of Miss Pinkerton are aware, handed on the lamp of elegant composition to a late period of the present century. There are still persons—and among them are some of our best writers—who compose with great care, who file and polish their sentences, who dwell with anxiety on the effect and harmony of words. But they follow their own guidance. We ask for nothing more than that the majority of men should write simply and naturally; and we trust to the general education we give that what they say shall have something in it, and be accurate and not displeasing. It seems to us, therefore, as we have already said, that the English system of classical education supplies all the rhetorical instruction that any but a few exceptional individuals can safely bear, and that even they must apply the lessons of art for themselves, and in their own way.

#### A POPULAR PAPER.

NOT very long ago a Society was formed for the purpose of providing poor people with what was called "Pure Literature." Its claims to support were based principally upon the vast circulation and mischievous character of cheap weekly newspapers, which attracted purchasers partly by gaudy pictures and partly by immoral stories. Whatever may have been the truth of such allegations—and we have no doubt that there was at one time considerable foundation for them—we always felt that if the evil was to be cured at all, it would not be cured by tracts in disguise; and we were therefore very sceptical indeed as to the practical results likely to follow from the well-meant operations of the Society in question. We never denied, however, that the popularity of such periodicals as it denounced would be a great evil if their character were really such as it was described to be; nor did we doubt that the success of well-conducted papers of the class in question would be a very satisfactory symptom of the moral condition of the poorer classes. From time to time we have taken opportunities of showing that the common notion that cheap newspapers derive their popularity from pandering to base appetites was, if not unfounded, at any rate grossly exaggerated; and we have pointed out a variety of cases in which such journals are conducted with the most praiseworthy regard for decency, morality, and good order. We are sure it will be satisfactory to our readers if we call their attention to a very strong confirmation of this view afforded by a weekly penny paper, of which we believe the circulation and the influence are both exceedingly great. It certainly is conducted in a manner which goes far to refute the hasty and inconsiderate zeal of persons who seem at times to take such pleasure in establishing the existence of a universal propensity to vice—refined vice amongst the rich, and coarse vice amongst the poor—that they make no scruple of representing the world, both in gross and in detail, as being infinitely more wicked than it really is.

The publication to which we allude is the *London Journal*—one of the very papers, if we remember rightly, the popularity of which was lamented as a proof of the viciousness of the age. We have before us a file of this paper, extending over more than two months, and we venture to say that it would be impossible to mention a journal conducted with a more scrupulous regard to modesty, and less chargeable with any extravagance or violence upon social and political subjects. We have never seen a more remarkable display of the sort of intellectual amusement which an ordinary uneducated Englishman really likes when he is left to himself. It is one of the most singular refutations which we ever happened to meet with of the two opposite views, one of which represents him as a graceless, licentious savage, and the other as a person of prodigious intellectual power in a state of chronic indignation against the effeminate tyrants who are set over him, only relieved by an intense application to the severest studies. It reads a very useful lesson to the Society for the Promotion of Pure Literature on the one hand, and to those who take their notions of what are absurdly called "working men" from *Mary Barton* and *Alton Locke*, on the other. The *London Journal* consists partly of tales, partly of miscellaneous pieces of intelligence likely to be interesting to its readers, partly of reviews of books, and partly of answers to correspondents. Each of these elements contain several points of interest. Mr. Charles Reade's novel, *White Lies*, was first published in the *London Journal*, and we are very glad to see that its proprietors have made arrangements

for publishing *Kenilworth* in weekly parts. The unflagging popularity of Scott, after so many years, is one of the most singular literary phenomena of the day. He was not merely the founder of a school, but he was the only member of it who contrived to produce books of lasting value. We are heartily glad that his works are to be brought within the reach of the poorest people in the country. It will be the strangest triumph for a man whose sympathies were so strongly on the Tory side in politics, and indeed in life in general. Such publications as these are, however, exceptional and speculative enterprises. The stock novels of the *London Journal* are of a very different kind, and have the most curious family likeness. A very good specimen of them is, in part, contained in the numbers under our notice. Its title is the *Flower of the Flock*, and though we candidly admit that we have not read the whole even of that limited portion which is before us, we have read enough to obtain a very clear notion of the sort of material of which it is composed. Its most remarkable feature—common to all tales of the kind—is its extraordinarily high-flown melodramatic style. The situations are all conceived, and the language is all constructed, on a model which reminds one forcibly of Dr. Johnson's famous dictum, that children prefer stories about giants and fairies to stories about other children. The writer's theory, or rather his conception of his reader's theory, about the manner in which ladies and gentlemen behave is exceedingly amusing. Chapter xvii. opens with an old gentleman, a colonel in the Indian army (whose "language often partook of the rich imagery of the East"), a beautiful girl, and Hal Vivian, her lover, whom we discover to be a goldsmith's apprentice, and who has saved the lovely Flora's life. To them enter certain heartless aristocrats of the names of Grahame and Raymond, who are obviously the well-dressed villains of the story. Mr. Grahame opens his visit with the following elegant remarks, which—according, no doubt, to the practice of the higher circles of society—"had been written for him by his father, and he had learnt it:—"

My dear Mr. Wilton, it was the intention of my good mamma, and two of my sisters, to have paid you and Miss Wilton an introductory visit, to open up a friendship between you, and to induce, if possible, Miss Wilton to form an agreeable intimacy with my sisters. But, unfortunately, my eldest sister, Helen, was most unaccountably and suddenly attacked with a fainting fit yesterday morning, and she is still very ill. Mamma has, therefore, been unable to carry out her wish, but fearing that you might, after your interview with my father, imagine there was some inexplicable delay in the tender of kind and social relations to you and your remarkably charming daughter, Miss Wilton, I have been—greatly to my own satisfaction—deputed to act as their *avant courier*.

Not to be left behind by his graceful friend, Mr. Raymond addresses himself to Flora as follows:—

"Miss Wilton," he said, in a subdued, deep tone, "if I could have formed a wish, constructed so as to gain for me, in its realization, the greatest possible amount of felicity, it should have been that which would have comprised what has come to pass. To be thrown into the society of your honoured parent, the loved friend of a relative whose memory I reverence, is, indeed, a deep gratification, but to have to that happiness added the high privilege, commended to your best attention, of enjoying your sweet society, is to place me in a state of beatitude of which I am undeserving, but of which, in true sincerity of heart, I will strive to make myself worthy."

And the story goes on for page after page in this style, generally showing a tendency towards topics of the most pathetic, solemn, and fearful character. We learn, for example, that a young woman was on the verge of drowning herself, when another young woman who had been in the same condition and had thought better of it, seizes upon her in the following remarkable manner:—

The startling energy of Lotte's tones caused the young lady to recede a pace, and mutter something which was inaudible.

Lotte, in her excitement, changed her grip from the mantle to the wrist of the young creature she was addressing.

"Look there!" she cried, in a low tone, but with a terrible emphasis. She pointed to the dark, sluggish, leaden-hued mass of water, stretching east and west. "Look upon that dark vaporous river, the graveyard of the madly despairing. I stood upon the brink of a river mightier and blacker than that before you; upon its very edge I stood, prepared to spring into its deadly depths, because I was friendless, homeless, hopeless—do you mark me?"

The haughty girl covered.

"I do," she murmured.

"As with a bitter wail of sorrowing distraction, even such as but now burst from your lips, I was about to leap out of life, I was seized by the wrist, as I now seize you, and by a friend."

A maid-servant once justified to her mistress her taste for sitting under a particularly awakening preacher, by the plea that she "liked being harrowed up." The phrase expressed the sentiment of the whole of her class. Stories of the most awful kind, perfectly harmless, possibly even moral, but thickly overlaid with desolation, and mourning, and woe, are what uneducated people like. A well-constructed plot, or wit, whether sarcastic or ironical, is addressed to a very different class of readers. One of the most curious illustrations of this taste which we ever remember to have seen, occurs in one of the smaller tales contained in the pages before us. The agony, as the Americans would say, is piled up till horror is lost in absurdity. A philanthropic young medical student, devoted to science and humanity, wishes to abolish the punishment of death during the Reign of Terror. For this purpose he tries to demonstrate that the guillotine does not put an immediate end to life, and he hopes that the horror of this discovery will put a stop to the practice. He passes long nights in a deserted chapel at a cemetery, trying experiments on the heads of innumerable victims. One night, as the sack which contains his subjects is brought in, he hears himself

repeatedly called by his name. On untying it, out rolls the head of his young and lovely mistress, beheaded that day without his knowledge—it continues to call upon him for some minutes, and finally dies away. Melancholy Jacques and Master Stephen himself were jolly companions in comparison with such a storyteller as the gentleman who invented this pretty tale.

The miscellaneous news of the *London Journal* is interesting and well chosen. One curious feature of it is that it contains a vast deal of information about the Civil Service Examinations. It is obvious that they will exercise a vast, and we fear a very questionable, influence on the lower classes. It would be in every way a most mischievous thing to introduce amongst them the notion so prevalent all over the Continent, that there is something specially dignified in the character of a Government servant. No amount of improvement in reading, writing, and arithmetic would compensate for the wide promulgation of this most pernicious delusion.

Reviews of books form a feature in the *London Journal*, though it is naturally enough a subordinate one. We feel some delicacy about describing their character, inasmuch as they are frequently reprinted bodily from the *Saturday Review*. In no less than nine out of eleven consecutive numbers this flattering appropriation is made. We are all the more sensible to the compliment, inasmuch as not only our articles, but their authorship is adopted. There is not a word to show where they come from, so that we cannot but infer that the *London Journal* considers them at least equal in merit to the rest of the paper. Our contemporary is heartily welcome, however, to as many reviews as he pleases; and we are sincerely glad to be the means of furthering the useful and praiseworthy objects at which he evidently aims.

By far the most curious part of the *London Journal* is that which is devoted to answers to correspondents. The readers consult the editor on their most private affairs, and the answers throw a strange light on their character. One of the commonest questions is how they are to avoid the disgrace of growing fat, or how they are to repair the damage done to their constitution by taking vinegar to make themselves thin. The advice usually is to endure the inevitable, but one lady is roundly told to eat less and work harder. And another is answered in the following remarkable terms:—

MARY G.—As you are very tall, and only eighteen, you will soon get thinner, especially if you fall in love.

A large number of the questions are legal—still more are medical—and a few are theological. These last are excessively curious. One correspondent is answered as follows:—

STELLA.—As to the equality of man and woman, consult the Scriptures. Woman was first in the transgression; she should therefore be modest.

Another is told that his illegitimacy will not operate to his disadvantage in the next world, and a third that a child not baptized with water is not of necessity eternally lost. There must be an inconceivable simplicity of character in people who are comforted by such assurances on such authority.

Love affairs are amongst the commonest topics on which correspondents want information. The questions are obviously serious, and the answers are apparently sensible enough, though it must be distressing to be engaged to a young woman who will not allow her lover to kiss her unless the Editor of the *London Journal* approves of it. We are sorry to inform our readers that the practice is decidedly wrong and improper. This was established by the case of Susan Annie Roe, who receives the following response to two important questions:—"Cold water is the best thing for the teeth. You should never kiss your husband before marriage." The following may amuse our readers:—

JAMES D. (Aged 14).—We strongly advise you to state the case to your friends manfully before you are bound. The proposition of your master to whip you privately, leads us to imagine that he—to say the least of it—is afflicted with some unhappy monomania. If you are bound, we would advise you by all means to resist such a disgraceful punishment as you mention, and to summon him before a police magistrate for cruelty.

PERPLEXED KATE.—If the gentleman really loves you, he will, ere long, make you an offer, and you may then be happy. But don't, under the guise of teasing only, show that you are jealous. In that you were wrong. The tea-table practice of rinsing the cups is etiquette.

JOHN THOMAS, B.A.—If you really love the young woman, and are quite sure that she loves you, the difference of five years ought not to make a serious objection, especially as you are both under thirty. Being aware of the fact, there need be no words about it. Your letter is very sensibly written.

And we should be disposed to recommend the answer to *Self-Taught* to the gentleman who gives the advice:—

SELF-TAUGHT (Wakefield).—By not making too many quotations from the same book, nor too frequent in succession, you may proceed as you are doing without fear. It is wise always to quote the author's name.

#### THE HEALTH OF THE ARMY IN INDIA.

THE rate of mortality among our soldiers in India is ten per cent. per annum—four times as great as the mortality among all ages in this country. It costs 120*l.* to replace each dead soldier; so that the necessary reinforcements to keep up an army of 100,000 men (which some think requisite) would cost us 1,200,000*l.* a year. Thus a most serious question of expense, as well as of humanity, will arise, unless something can be done to improve the health of the troops. Persons of much practical experience think that this may be done, if the Government are



willing, by changes in the present system; for the mortality among the officers, who can choose their own quarters, and get to the hills, is only half that among the privates.

Let us begin with the first landing of the soldiers in India. Every medical man well acquainted with the climate will say that it is of the utmost importance to bring the new comers, who have been shut up for some time on board a ship, into the country at the beginning of the cool season—that is, not sooner than the end of October—so that they may have at least five months before them in which they can take moderate exercise, recover a good state of health, and accustom themselves by degrees to the climate, before the great heats at the end of April set in. Now, this precaution has hitherto been utterly neglected. It may be confidently affirmed that, out of every three European regiments sent to India, two have been introduced there in the hot season, and, perhaps, worst of all, in the midst of the rainy season. The men are transferred at once from the comparative coolness of the ocean climate to the stifling heat of the shore, to which they have never been accustomed. They land with their bodies in a bad state, from long want of exercise; they are shut up in their dreary barracks for ten hours at least of the broiling day, or else, worse still, they escape into the sunshine; and the consequence is, that before a week's end nearly ten per cent. of the whole are on the sick list. Surely, with common forethought, it would be as easy for our Government to provide, in ordinary years, that soldiers should enter India in the interval between the latter half of October and the beginning of March, as during the rest of the year.

And now, supposing the soldiers landed in the Bengal Presidency, where are they located, and what sort of quarters do they find? The chief stations hitherto for British soldiers have been Calcutta, Dumdum, Berhampore, Dinapore, Ghazepore, Benares, Chunar, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra, Meerut. All these stations, excepting those of Benares, Cawnpore, Ghazepore, and Meerut (seven out of eleven) are notoriously and in a peculiar degree unhealthy in the hot season.

To begin with Calcutta. The soldiers on landing are placed in Fort William. The spot upon which this fortress is built was a most pestilential swamp. Although now thoroughly drained, and therefore, in the cool season, harmless enough, and even pleasant, no sooner does the rainy season set in than the excessive heat with moisture calls forth unmistakable signs of miasma. Now, in order to preserve health in India, it is absolutely necessary to have refreshing sleep *by night*—not in the day, for that cannot supply the want of nocturnal sleep; and it is the want of this for weeks and months together, when our soldiers lie upon their cots bathed in sweat, tossing about restlessly to and fro, and rising up as tired as when they lay down, that lays the foundation for climatic diseases. But in order that Europeans may have refreshing sleep during the hot season, and especially in the rainy part of it, it is absolutely needful that a gentle air should blow upon them; and of course, in places subject to miasma, it is also necessary that the sleeping apartments should be placed high above the noxious exhalations. In the soldiers' barracks of Fort William (we do not speak of the officers'), neither of these conditions is observed. The buildings are so constructed that it is impossible for the cool breeze to pass through them during the hot season, and they are not placed high enough to be above the reach of the marsh miasma. The wretched men, suffocated with heat, attempt to bring out their cots into the open air, in the hope of an hour or two's cool repose, but are sternly thrust back on two pretexts—decency and the care of their health. The consequence is, that the mortality of our soldiers in Fort William during the hot season is truly awful.

Secondly, as to Dumdum. This is a station surrounded by *paddy fields* (old Indians know what the word indicates) and swamps; and it is so ill-drained, that in the height of the rainy season one cannot pass from one part of the cantonment to the other—except on made brick and conker roads—without being over one's shoes in water. The soldiers' barracks here, though not so bad as in Fort William, are yet very hot and not sufficiently ventilated; and the same remarks apply to the hospital at that station. A great deal remains yet to be done at Dumdum before it can be pronounced tolerably healthy for Europeans, if, indeed, it can ever be made so in the hot and rainy season.

Next we come to Berhampore, whither it has been the custom to send newly-arrived recruits; and it has even been made the head-quarters and dépôt of more than one regiment, as if it were a peculiarly convenient and healthy place. But the fact is that this station is peculiarly unhealthy. It is almost surrounded by deadly swamps, and the greater part of its dwellings are actually below the level of the river, when its waters are flooded during the three or four months of the rainy season. It is no wonder if our soldiers die off quickly here.

Dinapore is a very pretty station, as the passing traveller would remark, with its Barrack-square nicely built and neatly kept. But when one comes to examine into the matter more closely, one finds that the soldiers' barracks are so constructed that no refreshing breeze can reach them by night, for the length of the building runs from east to west, and the windows are north and south. The breeze at night, in these parts of India, comes from the west in the hot, dry season, and from the east in the rainy season. Entrance therefore is forbidden to both in the soldiers' barracks at Dinapore.

Next we pass to Ghazepore, and then to Benares. We have nothing particular to say against either of these stations. Of course, from April to October, they produce, as all stations in the plains of India must, the average fearful rate of mortality among our troops.

Luckily, very few English soldiers are posted at Chunar; and therefore we will only say that the heat of the fort is something almost beyond the imagination of an Englishman to conceive, and that if any commander wished his soldiers to die quickly, he could not do better than put them there during the hot winds and rains. Much the same may be said of the fort of Allahabad. When the Europeans had fled thither for refuge, during the late mutiny, they found it so intolerable to remain there, even for a few days, that they preferred returning to their dwellings in the open country, even at the risk of being caught by the mutineers. In that fort there are ranges of two-story buildings constructed by English engineers, in the ground-floor of which, by means of sitting in utter darkness, with a well-watered *tatty* at one of the windows, one may pass through the season of the hot winds in tolerable coolness. The upper story is, without exaggeration, a burning oven. But the English soldiers are not placed in these European buildings, though four-fifths of them remain generally empty, but are quartered in the Indian buildings of the fort, where the old story of intense heat and no ventilation is repeated. It need hardly be added that our troops drop off there very fast.

Of Cawnpore we would only remark that whilst most of the barracks are well enough, there is one large barrack along the whole length of which runs, not many yards distant, an open drain, which serves as the sewer to the whole place. The heat of Cawnpore is notoriously excessive, far above most localities in that part of India. Concerning the fort at Agra, it need only be said that in its defects it is almost precisely similar to those of Chunar and Allahabad, only perhaps a shade more unhealthy. Of Meerut we have nothing to say in dispraise. The cool season in that part of India and in the Punjab is much longer than in the provinces lower down and in Bengal, and the rainy season, the most unhealthy part of the year, is much shorter. The consequence is that our soldiers seem to thrive better in those provinces.

There is a remedy for the evils we have described, which has been actually tried in the West Indies and found to answer the most sanguine expectations. Every one acquainted with the history of the West Indies will remember that they were formerly spoken of, and justly too, as the very grave of English soldiers. Even officers have quitted the army rather than go there. No wonder that such a mortality prevailed, when our troops were always cantoned in the burning low country. If any one island was infamous above all others for sickness, it was Jamaica. There the soldiers used formerly to be cantoned in a place as low as could well be chosen, and the crowded burial grounds soon received them. Latterly, however, the British Government has been better advised. The military authorities have opened their eyes to see that there are mountains in Jamaica, in many parts of which the climate is as cool as in the countries of the Mediterranean, if not cooler. They have tried the experiment of making cantonments in those mountains; and our soldiers now stationed in those cantonments do not suffer from a mortality as great as in the so-called pleasant and healthy climate of the Ionian Islands. An English clergyman, travelling in the West Indies during the winter months of 1848 and 1849, for the health of his child, was invited by a gentleman well known in Jamaica for his zealous support of railroads there, to come and spend the next summer in that island, instead of returning to England; and when he asked with astonishment how an English gentleman and his child could get safely through a Jamaica summer, he was answered—"Oh, I can offer you a delightful dwelling in the mountains, quite close to my own house and the Archdeacon's, who spends the hot weather always there; and we shall not be far from the soldiers' camp, so that we shall have plenty of company." And when he inquired how the officers and soldiers fared in the hot weather, the answer was—"They are quite as healthy as in England. You will see rosy faces there; and they are out of doors nearly all the day long." That same clergyman was in Barbadoes for some months in 1849. The yellow fever was then raging among the troops, and depression of spirits was universal among them. But as soon as the commanding-officer removed them from their cantonments to Gun Hill (which, however, is less than 1000 feet above the level of the sea), the sickness almost immediately ceased; and so, in the other West India islands, at a certain height above the level of the sea, it is well known that yellow fever never attacks Europeans. The question is, whether the experiment so successfully begun in the West, ought not now to be carried out in the East Indies.

It is hardly forty years since the British became thoroughly acquainted with the mountain regions of India and their climate. Few of our stations then were near them, and we believe that, even yet, a foreign territory intervenes between Simla and our own stations on the plain. They were visited only now and then by some solitary traveller or sportsman, and were supposed to be merely unhealthy jungles, habitable, if at all, only by the barbarous aboriginal people of India, who existed there in the lowest misery of savage life. But as our increasing territory approached nearer and nearer to the hills, it was discovered that many districts among them were blessed with an excellent climate, and,

by degrees, advantage was taken of this. The Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief soon had bungalows constructed for themselves, and were followed, not long after, by persons of rank and fortune, by whose favourable reports public attention throughout the Bengal Presidency was aroused to perceive the benefits that might be secured by a residence in those regions during the hot season. And now, many pleasant stations have been constructed at various points in the hills, whither all sick persons who can afford the expense, and who can obtain leave of absence, flock for refuge. Officers, within a reasonable distance, will ask for leave, even if only between the monthly musters, to run up to the hills and enjoy a few weeks' coolness there. The question is, whether the same advantage might not be extended to the men, by building stations for them in the hills, and sending them there in large bodies every hot season.

The whole of India, from north to south, and from east to west, is intersected by continual chains of hills—divided, we may say, into small triangles by them, so that one or other of them may be reached from all the stations where our soldiers are placed, within a fortnight's march at the utmost. It may be granted that all these mountain ranges are not equally healthy; but upon all of them may be found spots infinitely more healthy than the burning plains. It is true, also, that all the mountain ranges are not equally high; but they are all sufficiently so to secure a desirable and healthy coolness. At the height of only one thousand feet above the level of the sea, cool nights begin. They will give our soldiers refreshing sleep, and enable them to bear without injury the heat of the day; and, we repeat, it is the want of cool nights in the plains, and the consequent want of refreshing sleep, that lays the foundation for those climatic diseases under which our troops perish. At the height of four thousand feet, one finds a comparatively cool climate, and at six thousand feet the climate nearly of England. Such a height as four thousand feet is easily attainable in any of the mountain ranges.

As to the question of expense, supposing that the Government engineers were ordered to erect at each hill-station, in brick and stone, the usual buildings supposed to be necessary—viz., barracks, hospital, magazines, officers' quarters, and (as the prevailing custom is) a handsome church—the outlay would be enormous. But Anglo-Indians know that the best buildings to keep off heat—ay, and rain too—are not those in the European fashion, of brick and stone, but the native huts, whose walls are made of bamboo poles and matting, and the roof of thick grass thatch. The whole cantonment might be made entirely of these, and, if properly cared for, would last in good condition for three years. The expense of constructing one such hut, capable of holding in comfort twenty men, ought to be, at the most, one hundred rupees—that is, 10*l.*; for, at this very cost, chapels for native Christians, capable of containing a hundred worshippers conveniently (and not ugly either), have often been built. To quarter a man, therefore, in safety during the hot season would not cost more than 10*s.*; while to lose him in the plains will cost 120*l.* We do not reckon their marching to the hills from the plains as much, if any, additional expense; for things are supposed to be always in readiness, and the men in marching order, and they carry themselves on the road.

So much for the expense of the novel experiment. But, indeed, it is not entirely novel even in India, for we hear of two English regiments already having been cantoned near Simla, which were brought down to the plains, together with the Commander-in-chief, on the first news of the mutiny breaking out. And this example seems to meet the natural objection as to the danger of withdrawing English troops from the plains during six months of the year. We do not find that the two English regiments just alluded to were much behindhand in rendering assistance at the beginning of the campaign. But supposing—what is very unlikely—that a general revolt of the ill-armed native population were to break out at one moment throughout the whole of India, English soldiers, descending from the nearest hills in bodies of three, four, or five thousand men, would probably soon render a good account of the revolters. In the same manner as the mere report of the approach of General Havelock began to quiet the district around Agra, so it would be in this case. The English would not have to come to blows, for the mere knowledge of the fact that they were near at hand, healthy, strong, and well-armed, and in tolerably sufficient numbers, would so discourage the would-be revolters that they would remain as quiet as mice. In our opinion, therefore, the whole of the English troops might be safely sent for six months to the hills; but if that cannot be granted—if some small force must be kept to garrison the forts and watch over the magazines in the plains—arrangements might be made that every soldier should spend two at least out of every three hot seasons in a cool climate; and this alone would support the spirits and keep up the health of the men more than can be imagined.

Some may object that, at the foot of all the mountain ranges, there is a belt of deadly jungle to be passed through in which our soldiers would be struck down by jungle fever, and so put upon the sick list before they arrived at the place which was to restore health and strength to them. The answer is, that the jungle, at the widest part, is not above twenty miles broad, and in some places not half as much. An opening half a mile wide might easily be cut, the land on each side thoroughly drained, and a hard road made in the centre for our troops to march through; and not one in twenty would experience the least inconvenience.

The unhealthy belt does not frighten away our Governor-Generals and our Commanders-in-Chief, nor the rich, who may, though sick, manage to pass through it safely; and so will our soldiers, with proper care. The objection that there are diseases peculiar to the mountain regions, which might prove as fatal to our men as those of the plains, need hardly be answered except with this remark—they are of the same character as those they would meet with in England. And, to conclude, the natives of those parts would receive our troops with open arms as soon as they understood the objects of their settling there; and they would be soon allured to bring the necessary provisions in sufficient quantities, while they themselves would be civilized by coming in contact with Englishmen. These remarks apply to the mountain ranges all over India.

#### A SQUEEZABLE GOVERNMENT.

THE Duke of Wellington's famous question is now getting a reply. The inquiry, How is the King's Government to be carried on? is answered by experience. We either get on without a Government, or we make shift with a Government which is not carried on. The two necessities which presented themselves to the Duke are found to be, in practice, no necessities at all. All that we know is, where Government is not. At times it seems to be impersonated in Lord John Russell—at times in a majority of the House of Commons—but, for the most part, nowhere. When the Government succeeds in carrying a measure, it is not as a Government—when it defeats a Bill, it defeats a Minister or two at the same time. The Lord Chancellor and the Premier have won a substantial triumph on the Jew Bill, but it is at the expense of Mr. Disraeli's vote and conscience; and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer survives to carry his Budget, it will be at the expense of a series of Indian posts, maintained only to be relinquished at the first summons of the enemy. But this is not the worst aspect of the case. The misfortune of a weak Ministry is not so much in the presence of an Opposition scarcely sincere and never harmonious, as in the rabble rout of undisciplined adherents. The camp-followers are more dangerous than the squadrons of Palmerston, the free lances of Russell, and the heavy artillery of Bright.

All this comes out in the Church-rate question. Everybody has a plan. Mr. Puller has his, Mr. Lygon his, Mr. Wigram probably his. What is the Government scheme? Lord Derby promised great things. He assured a deputation that he was prepared to resist Sir J. Trelawny's Bill; and as the question is one which, during the general election, was canvassed on every hustings in the country, his lordship, acknowledging that the question must be solved and a remedy found, is naturally asked for his measure. His colleagues can hardly accept Mr. Puller's scheme, and they avail themselves of Sir Cornwall Lewis's arguments against it. They are not prepared to go with Mr. Lygon, because they feel the full force of General Thompson's or Mr. Buxton's objections. They have, they believe and hope, a view of their own; but, meanwhile, the Home Secretary ventures to call upon Sir George Grey to reproduce his measure of last year. That is to say, it is, speaking generally, the duty of Government to pass measures brought in by their predecessors or opponents. One thing alone is not the duty of the Executive—to originate measures of legislation; and if, as in Mr. Puller's case, they happen to be pledged to the mover's principle, it is reason enough to vote against it, that it comes from an adherent. It is the highest exercise of an heroic Christianity to love one's enemies; but the present Government goes beyond this in performing a virtue which must be something beyond supererogation—that of persecuting its friends. Mr. Puller seems to have been deeply and greatly aggrieved by this voluntary humility. He was ready to resign his resolution, not so much to the slaughtering blade of Trelawny as to the treachery of Walpole. The keenest wound to Cæsar was that of Brutus. It seems to be the fate of the Ministers that they can only be vigorous at the expense of their party. A solitary burst of passion compelled the Chancellor of the Exchequer to oppose the introduction of Mr. Locke King's Bill; but he only saved defeat by sheathing the half-drawn sword—he apologized for the unusual mistake of having a principle by running away from it. Mr. Disraeli opposed the introduction of the Bill for the substantial reason that "he had no objection to urge against its purpose, and had no objection to extend the county franchise, and, indeed, had no prejudice at all against the general purpose of the motion;" and at the last moment he withdrew this opposition, because there was a chance of the measure being successful. For once there was really every reason against Mr. Locke King's proposition being entertained. There was actually an irresistible combination of reasons why this was the most untoward and inconvenient moment for entertaining a partial and solitary scheme for readjusting the county franchise. All parties are pledged to a general scheme of Parliamentary Reform. The late Government, the actual Government, the penultimate Government—every Government, past, present, and to come—is committed to a plan which must absorb, and may possibly repeal, Mr. Locke King's scheme. Mr. Disraeli would have done right in resisting its admission into the House. But the simple circumstance that for once he was strong on the ground of principle, seemed to impel him, by some fatal necessity, to be weak. In the very sublimity



of self-denial, he made a sacrifice of his solitary stronghold. True to his extraction, he—

like the base Judean  
Threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe—

and the only one he had.

With the Indian question the case is even still worse. To produce a bad measure may happen to every Government—to stick to it at all hazards may be an exercise of spirit or obstinacy—and to withdraw it may be a proof of candour or imbecility. But Mr. Disraeli, with a curious ingenuity, has both ways avoided the dangerous imputation of a virtue, and has succeeded in falling into an inconsistency of opposite political sins. He has shown at once the compatibility of the most inconsistent views; and he proves that a Government can be at once obstinate and irresolute—can abandon an untenable post just at the very moment when it is honourable at all hazards to defend it, can be conciliatory at the juncture when concession ceases to be prudent, and can maintain an impracticable firmness only at the crisis when conciliation is at once honourable and politic. Even the questionable merit of concession is neutralized by a retrospective eulogy on obstinacy. For a Government to bring in a bad Bill, and then to pledge itself to persist in it, and then to abandon it—and afterwards to argue that it was an exceedingly good Bill all along—is a course which does not conciliate foes, while it exasperates friends.

There is a plentiful harvest of dragon's teeth sown. This impolitic policy is sure to avenge itself. Mr. Caird adroitly takes advantage of the Ministerial admission of the soundness of his proposition, and saddles the Government with the responsibility of an Agricultural Statistics Bill. Mr. Locke King may be well content with Mr. Disraeli's treatment of his franchise extension; and even Mr. Spooner can fasten on Lord Derby the consequences of his unguarded admission that Maynooth is a failure. There is not a crotchet or a quiz, a bigotry or a heresy, a doctrine or an obscurantist that has not a chance of innings. "Aye and no too" Lear tells us "was no good divinity;" and it is only "the scurvy politician who seems to see the things he does not," but this is Lord Derby's actual condition. He embodies the poet's most vicious moral paradox. He actually invites difficulties, and offers a premium for perplexities, only on the understanding that others are to face and unravel them. To the wildest adventurer he civilly admits that there is much to be said for his principle. He has not the courage to refuse a sturdy beggar, nor the honesty to pay a just bill. He is compliant where he might reasonably resist, unduly coy in the only quarter where it is lawful to be complaisant, and he hints at a future assignation with the air of offended modesty. He is Minister, because it is the duty of others to carry on the business of the country; and he leads Parliament, because it is the business of Parliament to sustain his Cabinet, and to provide him with a policy. He acknowledges that Government must be carried on by a majority, but a majority of anything but his own adherents.

There is not the least occasion for all this ostentatious exhibition of weakness. Not a single step has been gained by this superfluous refinement in self-abasement. To stoop may be the necessity of a wise man—to crawl is the voluntary humiliation of the craven. It is only a camarilla which demands Lord Palmerston's return to office; and the country is quite free from any factious desire for the overthrow of the present Government. If, in a single instance—even in an unpopular consistency to some principle—Mr. Disraeli would show that he believes in himself, he might attract that respect which as yet he has failed to secure on either side of the House.

## REVIEWS.

### THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE NEW WORLD.\*

WE welcome from the other side of the Atlantic three important contributions to our slowly growing stock of knowledge—if knowledge it is to be called—of the pre-Columbian civilization of America. Our best sympathy is due to the painstaking inquirers who are labouring in the somewhat ungrateful field of American archaeology. The real past, indeed, is not the thriving Anglo-Saxon communities of North America, is not the history of Incas or Aztecs, but that of their European forefathers; and those who may claim kindred with Shakespeare and Bacon may be comparatively indifferent to Manco Capac or Ixtlilxochitl. Still it is right, and highly creditable to the intellectual activity of our Transatlantic brethren, that the remains of extinct civilizations in the land of their adoption should be thoroughly investigated and described. Something, indeed, of universal interest attaches to those lost pages of the history of the human family, and no educated man can afford to be unconcerned in the result of researches into the ethnology of the aboriginal inhabitants of

the American continent. To those who, like Señor Rivero, or the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, trace a portion of their descent from those ancient races, such inquiries must possess a more personal interest. But on general grounds, the managers of the Smithsonian Institution have judged rightly, and acted in strict accordance with the spirit of their trust, in encouraging the scientific study of the antiquities of the ante-Columbian period; and the liberality with which their valuable *Contributions to Knowledge* are scattered through the chief libraries of the Old World is worthy of all gratitude and admiration.

Of the three works named at the head of this article, Mr. Haven's is the most comprehensive in its scope and the most able in its execution—Mr. Mayer's, indeed, is little more than a monograph on the Zapotec remains at Mitla; and the volume of Messrs. Rivero and Von Tschudi is confined to Peru. We will reserve our notice of Mr. Haven's essay till we have briefly discussed the others. Mr. Mayer begins with a short *résumé* of the labours of previous writers on the antiquities of Mexico and Central America, and bears witness to the accuracy with which Prescott has condensed the existing information on the subject. His own contribution of fresh knowledge to the common store is derived from observation of the aboriginal architectural remains. The most ancient of these are generally earth-works, either mounds or enclosures; but what are called in the Spanish vernacular the "Casas Grandes" are the ruins of towns or villages, sometimes of vast extent, built chiefly of sun-dried bricks, cemented by a mixture of earth, coals, and ashes, instead of lime. The houses in these ruined cities are sometimes of four stories, which were reached by ladders on the outside. Every one knows, from Lord Kingsborough's book, or from cheaper reproductions, the *contour* of the Mexican sacrificial pyramid; but, as in the more famous examples on the banks of the Euphrates which Mr. Layard brought to light, the action of time upon the sun-dried brick has often converted the stepped outline of these structures into an indistinguishable mud-heap. Mitla, in the State of Oajaca, contains a group of remarkable architectural remains of a somewhat higher order of merit; and some drawings made on the spot by Mr. Sawkins, which are engraved in a poor and coarse style of lithography as illustrations of the present essay, form the staple of Mr. Mayer's discourse. Here, in a lonely valley, are the traces of important buildings which seem to have occupied the four sides of a quadrangular court—one side alone remaining in anything like entirety. A tradition relates that these monuments were built for sepulchral purposes. The adits are so low that a person can only enter in a crouching posture. Inside there is a spacious oblong apartment, the walls of which are lined with a highly polished red plaster; while down its length are five massive cylindrical columns, without capitals or bases, to support the roof. From this hall there seem to have opened a number of windowless chambers, the walls of which are hollowed, as in the catacombs, in recesses large enough to hold a human body. Externally these structures are of masonry, some of the stones being colossal in size. The walls are built so as to incline outwards at a very considerable angle; their faces are carved in a superficial kind of mosaic ornament, without any beauty or regularity; and the angles exhibit a sort of rude rustication. Some idols of fantastic ugliness have been found among the ruins.

Turning now to the volume on Peruvian Antiquities, we find that here, too, Mr. Prescott has anticipated, in his lucid summary, much that would otherwise have been new matter to the ordinary reader. Of the two names associated on the title-page, Don Mariano de Rivero, who is the real author, brings to his task a somewhat exaggerated respect for the "beneficent institutions" and advanced civilization of the Incas. Dr. Von Tschudi, a European naturalist who had travelled in Peru, edited and published the Spanish original at Vienna, where, in the Imperial Library, he found bibliographical appliances that, as the author feelingly complains, were, "alas! wanting in Peru." Dr. Hawks is responsible for the translation and some sensible notes. The introductory chapter, on the relations between the two hemispheres prior to the discovery of Columbus, is somewhat fanciful and obscure. Of course we have all the old hypotheses—the Scandinavian voyages, the lost Ten Tribes, a Punie or Carthaginian migration, colonies from Ceylon, from Mongolia, or from Gaelic tribes. None of these are absolutely rejected; but the author inclines to the theory that the first peopling of the American continent was from Asia, and, insisting strongly on the analogies between Buddhism and the Mexican worship, he concludes that Quetzatcoatl and Manco Capac were missionaries from China at a later period. There are some who identify the Toltec divinity Quetzatcoatl, which means Didymus, with the Apostle St. Thomas. We have somewhat surer ground to go upon in the next chapter, which treats of the ancient inhabitants of Peru. Dr. Von Tschudi, by the observation of hundreds of crania, ascertained the existence of three different races, geographically divided, which he named the Chincas, the Aymaraes, and the Huancas. The conquering dynasty of the Incas sprang from the second of these races; and the cranium of the Peruvian Indians of the present day is a result of the fusion of the three. Our author proves—and in this he is supported by Dr. Hawks, his translator—that the famous osteologist, Dr. Morton, was mistaken in thinking that he had obtained for his great work some real specimens of the skulls of the Incas. He shows also that the Peruvian skull possesses in infancy the anomalous

\* *Observations on Mexican History and Archaeology, with a special reference to Zapotec Remains.* By Brantz Mayer. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

*Archæology of the United States.* By Samuel F. Haven. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

*Peruvian Antiquities.* By Mariano Edward Rivero, Director of the National Museum, Lima; and John James Von Tschudi, Doctor in Philosophy. Translated into English from the original Spanish by Francis L. Hawks, D.D. New York: George P. Putnam. London: Trübner and Co.

feature of an interparietal bone, which is quite distinguishable from the *ossa Wormiana*. Almost all that is known of the history of Peru before the arrival of Pizarro is derived from the traditions embodied, and probably dressed up for the occasion, in the curious but untrustworthy work of Garcilasso de la Vega, who was descended, by his mother's side, from the royal line of the Incas. The picture of the prosperity and high civilization of the old monarchy drawn by this credulous and partial writer is doubtless overcoloured; and though there may be a groundwork of truth in his history, it is impossible to accept all his statements without reserve. But even his romancing is thrown into the shade by the inventions of Montesinos, who identifies Peru with the Ophir of Solomon, peoples it from Armenia, and gives a list of 101 monarchs from a period 500 years after the Deluge to the unhappy Atahualpa, the victim of Pizarro. Our author sketches the political organization of the Incas with much minuteness. He calls it a theocratic autocracy. The system of government was highly centralized, and the whole population was grouped into provinces, and then numerically subdivided into departments, each of which contained so many tens, hundreds, or thousands of individuals—something like Mr. Toulmin Smith's ideal of an Anglo-Saxon parish. The officials of this system were no less than a million in number. The whole land was tripartitely divided, one third belonging to the Sun, the second to the Inca, the last to the people; and each man received from the State, by a kind of anticipation of modern socialism, enough land for the support of himself and his family. All taxation was in kind, every man contributing so much labour or the produce of his skill. The administration of justice was severe, and the censorship of morals very strict. A conscription was in force for military purposes.

A chapter follows on the Quechuan language, which possessed, according to our authors, a complete declension formed by suffixed particles, a perfect system of pronouns and of numbers, and a very rich form of conjugation. Like most of the American tongues, it is polysynthetic or agglutinative—that is, its changes are not made by inflexion, but by the addition of suffixes; and the verbal forms have that extraordinarily artificial precision, which has been called by philologists the conjugation of the personal object. But this language has no literature. It is true that the ancient Peruvians used what are called *quipus*, that is, knots made on various coloured threads, as a kind of record; but, in spite of much patient and ingenious experiment, the deciphering of these rude symbols is quite impracticable, and it is even doubtful whether they were ever used except as tallies for purposes of numeration. We cannot follow the writer minutely in his notices of the scientific culture of the old Peruvians. He discusses their skill in medicine, astronomy, and navigation. But what we most want in all this is some reference to the author's sources of information. For instance, he gives us the music of three Haravis, or elegiac songs, in different keys—wild and irregular strains very oddly harmonized—without a word of explanation as to the method by which these melodies, if really ancient, have been preserved. The authorities for the disquisition on the Peruvian religion are probably trustworthy, being for the most part the writings of the early Christian missionaries after the Spanish conquest. One of these, by the Jesuit, Pedro Jose de Arriaga, describes the result of the inquiries of a special commission in the year 1617 into the nature of the native idolatrous worship, with a view to its extirpation. The analogy between Buddhism and Christianity in the East has often been observed. And some such coincidences between the Christian sacraments and certain rites of the religion of the Incas were noticed by the Spanish conquerors, who were inclined to attribute them to the malice preposse of the Evil One. The religious ceremonies, including the occasional sacrifice of human victims, the rites of sepulture, and method of embalming, are next noticed; and then the state of the arts, in metallurgy, pottery, and architecture. As to the latter, it appears that timber was used but rarely, and iron never—the precious metals, on the other hand, were abundant. In weaving and dyeing, great excellence was attained; and Don Mariano informs us that the Peruvian Indians of the mountains still use bright and lasting dyes which they obtain from plants unknown to Europeans. If so, we can only say that the sooner their secret is borrowed from them for use in Manchester, the better. Of the remains of Peruvian masonry, some are quite Cyclopean; and it is astonishing how such works could be wrought without the aid of iron tools. The arch was unknown—though our author, who is not at home in architecture, draws the opposite conclusion from data which prove our own assertion. The royal roads and fortifications of the Incas were, however, their greatest monuments. Humboldt describes a gigantic road traversing the Cordilleras for 250 geographical miles, with resting-places at intervals; and another causeway of solid masonry, at the elevation, by barometrical measurement, of 12,440 feet above the sea—a thousand feet higher than the Peak of Teneriffe. A few illustrations are given of architectural decoration, which strongly resemble the carvings described at Mitla by Mr. Mayer. But in the absence of such truthful drawings of architectural remains as nothing but photography can give, it is vain to speculate on the subject. The work of Messrs. Rivero and Von Tschudi will continue to have a solid value to all who wish to investigate the archaeology of Peru.

We have left ourselves but little space to notice Mr. Haven's treatise. Its especial value is that it presents a conspectus of the present state of the whole inquiry into the antiquities of the

United States, with judicious criticisms of the various authors who have treated of the subject. Mr. Haven's recent volumes are unfortunately not included in this summary. Mr. Haven's opening chapter marshals all the suppositions by which writers have attempted to account for the existence of men and animals in the Western Hemisphere. Some have imagined that those aboriginal peoples were spared from the Noachian deluge—others, that, as in the vegetable world, so in the *fauna* of the earth, there may have been more than one centre of original creation. And the tendency of recent speculation is towards the theory that the New World is really the older world of the two, as having been sooner prepared for the occupancy of man, and actually peopled at a more remote period. The numerous theories of the migration of various tribes, some of which were noticed in the earlier part of this paper, are next succinctly detailed by Mr. Haven. But, as he well observes, all this ingenious speculation has left the subject still in its original obscurity. Quitting the interesting disquisitions on the whole course of archaeological investigation in the United States, which form the bulk of the present volume, and which will make Mr. Haven's work a standard book of reference for future students, we may hasten to the conclusion, in which we have the condensed results of the author's own inquiries. We note here that he rejects the hypothesis of an earlier geological antiquity for the western hemisphere. He discredits the discovery of fossilized human skeletons in geological periods, and argues that some species of colossal animals, whose bones have been sometimes found mingled with human remains, were contemporary with our race, and have only become extinct at comparatively recent periods. Next, from a consideration of the winds and currents of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, he concludes that it is not improbable that voyagers from Europe or Asia might have been driven from time to time upon the coasts of America. But he observes that, "however frequent foreign accessions may have been, they have not had power to affect materially the structural uniformity of speech and physical conformation, and the homogeneous mental type of the original inhabitants." A more extensive migration from Asia by the Aleutian Islands our author considers by no means improbable, but yet far from being proved. Upon the whole, he thinks that the best philological and physiological inquiries tend to establish that the American aborigines were a distinct and peculiar race, though without thereby denying the primitive unity of the human family. The question, however, must remain "among the enigmas of immemorial time." Proceeding to the consideration of the actual antiquities discovered within the borders of the United States, to which his researches are principally confined—such as enclosures and tumuli, and the contents of the latter—Mr. Haven denies that they exhibit evidence of any much higher civilization than was to be found among the aboriginal Indians before that mysterious decay of their tribes which seems to have preceded by some few centuries the arrival of Columbus. This temperate and well-weighed essay is worthy of the very highest commendation. Mr. Haven has approached the subject in almost a judicial spirit, and we are disposed to adopt his conclusions implicitly. We borrow his final paragraph as a specimen of his style and manner:—

We desire to stop where evidence ceases; and offer no speculations as to the direction from which the authors of the vestiges of antiquity in the United States entered the country, or from which their arts were derived. The deductions from scientific investigations, philological and physiological, tend to prove that the American races are of great antiquity. Their religious doctrines, their superstitions, both in their nature and their modes of practice, and their arts, accord with those of the most primitive age of mankind. With all their characteristics, affinities are found in the early condition of Asiatic races; and a channel of communication is pointed out through which they might have poured into this continent, before the existing institutions and national divisions of the parent country were developed. Fortuitous arrivals, too inconsiderable in numbers and influence to leave decided impressions, may at intervals have taken place from other lands; and geographical facts and atmospheric phenomena may serve to explain why the New World remained so long a sealed book to the cultivated nations of Europe, or was only known through the vague intimations and rumours alluded to in history, such as the chances of the sea, and indefinite reports from barbarous regions and peoples would be likely to bring to their ears.

ROBERT EMMETT.\*

THIS little volume is an interesting and well-written summary of a very pathetic story, the outline of which is probably well enough known to most of our readers. It is, however, put into a shape and accompanied by reflections which will, we have no doubt, interest them once more in its repetition. Francis Robert Emmett was born at Dublin, in 1780, and was the youngest of three brothers, each of whom was in his own way distinguished. Temple Emmett, the eldest, was at the Irish bar, and died after practising there for seven years with considerable distinction. Thomas Addis Emmett, also a barrister, took a very conspicuous part in public affairs. Indeed, he was so much mixed up with the rebellion of 1798 that he narrowly escaped with his life, and owed his safety to a long imprisonment, which was succeeded by exile to the United States, where he passed the rest of his days. He practised at the bar of New York, and rose to great distinction there. Robert Emmett grew up in an atmosphere in which it was impossible that he should not conceive the most violent enmity against the English Government, and from a very early age his extraordinary eloquence and his extreme opinions attracted their

\* Robert Emmett, Paris, 1858.



attention and excited their suspicions. He was the most conspicuous member of the famous Historical Society at Trinity College, Dublin, which possessed a degree of political importance which we can hardly conceive any schoolboy debating society—and it was very little more—to be invested with. It is said that the Government attached so much importance to the proceedings of this body that it actually deputed a man of some standing and eminence as a barrister to go to one of its meetings for the express purpose of confuting certain republican theories advocated by Emmett. Whatever his political influence over his college associates may have been, it was brought to an abrupt close in 1798 by his expulsion for refusing to take a species of test oath of fidelity to the Government, which the college authorities tried to impose on the students. He was immediately introduced to a wider and more serious scene. Under the pretence of finishing his education by travelling, he paid several visits to the Continent, and had a good many communications with Bonaparte, then First Consul, whom he supplied with memoirs on the possibility of organizing an invasion of Ireland.

These intrigues continued, with more or less activity, until the year 1803, when, upon the outbreak of the second war between France and England, and the attempt of Napoleon to invade this country, he went over to Dublin to organize a revolt which was originally intended to have been seconded by the landing of a French army on the south coast of England. His intention was to surprise Dublin Castle, to induce the peasantry from various counties in the neighbourhood to march into the town, and finally to call together such of the members of the old Irish Parliament as were opposed to the policy of the Union, erect them into a Provisional Government, and proclaim the independence of Ireland. He organized his plan with very remarkable secrecy. Up to the very day when he made his attempt, the Lord-Lieutenant was profoundly ignorant of his intentions. On the afternoon of the 23rd July, he suddenly placarded the walls of Dublin with an address to the inhabitants, calling upon them to join him in his attack on the Government, and at the head of about eighty men attempted to capture the Castle. A considerable mob collected in other parts of the town, and whilst Emmett's followers were assailed and repulsed in the attempt to accomplish their principal object by a small body of police, part of the insurgents fell in with the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, and murdered him in the street, and before the eyes of his daughter. Emmett, says his biographer, was overpowered with horror and disgust at the perpetration of so heinous a crime, and, shortly after it was consummated, left Dublin, though not before he had been engaged in a sharp but unsuccessful skirmish with the troops, who in the course of two hours completely suppressed the revolt. Emmett retired to the Wicklow hills, where he found a considerable number of persons in arms ready to march upon Dublin. With some difficulty he persuaded them to disperse, and hope for better times; but he persisted in revisiting the capital, in order to take leave of Miss Curran, to whom he had been for some time engaged, without her father's knowledge. He was discovered there, and was shortly afterwards condemned and executed. His trial was remarkable for the well-known speech which he made in arrest of judgment, and which competent judges declared to be one of the most eloquent ever heard in an Irish Court of law. It is certainly pathetic; but it is not very easy to see how it was appropriate to the circumstances of the case. It only amounts to a passionate assertion that he was right and the law wrong, which, even if it had been true, was not to the point.

The romantic circumstances of Emmett's career, and the undoubted courage and self-devotion which signalized his whole life, have surrounded his name with a sort of halo, of which his biographer does his utmost to enhance the splendour. Emmett, in his opinion, is one of those persons whom every one is bound to reverence who acknowledges any higher standard of merit than mere success. England—such is the innendo—stands to Ireland in the same relation in which Louis Napoleon stands to French liberty. We have, it is asserted, a clearer view of our own interest, and greater perseverance; but, on the other hand, less conscience and less mind than those on whose ruin our prosperity is founded. The world is so constructed that the cold, hard, unromantic temper which has no illusions, and which is never deterred from the pursuit of its own ends, is more than a match in most of the careers of life for sensibility, intellect, and genius. Such is the moral drawn from Emmett's history; and it is ingeniously enough contrived to comfort the partisans of French liberty for their defeat, and to give vent to a sort of soreness at the contrast afforded by England, which we are sorry to be obliged to admit is a common feeling amongst a large class of Frenchmen. We fully agree that mere success is often nothing more than that prosperity of the wicked which has been the great puzzle of life since David wrote the Psalms; but, on the other hand, continual failure is certainly strong evidence of some great fault. It may be susceptible of explanation, but it unfortunately demands it. It appears to us that Emmett's career was one great fault, redeemed no doubt by certain splendid qualities, but founded upon wrong principles and carried out by bad means. He never seems to have felt that it is a tremendous responsibility, only to be justified by the most extreme necessity, to attack an established Government, and to plunge a nation into civil war. It never seems to have occurred to him to inquire whether, if Irish independence were possible, it would not be a mere state of

organized internecine civil war between Catholics and Protestants. As the event showed, he was grossly mistaken as to the character of the people with whom he had to do. He had hoped to be the leader of a body of heroic patriots—he found himself at the head of a cowardly and ferocious mob, by whose excesses he was so disgusted that he threw up the whole undertaking on the first check which it received. Indeed it is perfectly clear, from the whole story, that if his enterprise was not utterly wild and desperate, he was a very fainthearted person. There is also something very puerile in the weakness with which he threw away his life to gratify his personal feelings. A man in his position ought to have felt that he had no right to such an indulgence. It may be said that all this only amounts to a charge of imprudence and want of experience. Possibly this is true; but there are situations in which imprudence and ignorant presumption are crimes, and crimes of no light complexion. There are cases in which, as the phrase is, resistance to a Government becomes a mere question of prudence, but it is not the less a question of vast importance. It is a question which men decide at their peril; and if they decide it wrongly, they are justly looked upon as amongst the most guilty of all criminals. Mere failure may not be conclusive evidence of the folly of the original plan; but if Emmett's plan had succeeded, its madness would have been still more apparent than it is now.

The view which the volume before us takes of England, and of the sources of our greatness, is, we think, as unjust as it is unfortunately common on the Continent. No one who really knows what Englishmen are would ever think of describing them as a cold, selfish, calculating race, who succeed by the absence of all the faults which accompany a generous temper. The shallowness of this opinion, and the mode in which it arose, are equally obvious. In that sort of melodramatic hastiness which characterizes so much French speculation, our censors personify England, and proceed to talk of "her" selfishness, "her" intense pursuit of self-interest, and so forth, without perceiving that, if a great mass of men show a power of pursuing a common object with indefatigable energy and perseverance, it is simply absurd to call them selfish. Patriotism and selfishness are utterly inconsistent. The fact is that Englishmen have more, and not less, than other nations of that generous warmth and force of feeling which is the basis of all strong characters, and which our Continental critics deny to us. The difference lies in the use which we make of it. On the Continent it is by no means an uncommon thing (especially in France) to draw a deep line between the ideal which delights youth and the realities which occupy middle age. After the illusions of the one period are dispelled, the other is cold indeed. This is not our practice here. We do not make all our gunpowder into fireworks, and we have some contempt for those who do. "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy princes are children!" The poetry of a man's character must be weak indeed, if it does not grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. It should display itself, not in boyish amusements, but in the grave affairs of life. Our romance comes out, not in childish revolts, gaudy sentiments, and a literature of despair—it must be looked for in the history of England; and it will be found, by those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, in the existence of the greatest Empire, the strongest institutions, and the most splendid list of daring achievements that any nation in the world can show. Cold-hearted, calculating selfishness would have found it no easy thing to storm Delhi and to relieve Lucknow—to discover the North-West Passage, and to explore the African Continent—to say nothing of founding the British Empire, and peopling North America.

#### SCOTT ON SECULAR GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.\*

MR. SCOTT has earned the right to speak boldly and authoritatively as to the capabilities and prospects of the revived Gothic architecture among us. He is not only, in age and standing, one of the senior members of his profession—so that several of the rising architects of the day may be reckoned among his pupils—but the extensiveness of his practice, and the admitted ability of his works, have most deservedly secured his election as a representative of his school as an architectural Associate of the Royal Academy. He is also favourably known as a writer, speaker, and lecturer on subjects connected with the Gothic Renaissance. With uniform good temper and very considerable skill, he has borne an active part in the somewhat bitter controversy that has raged, both in the profession and among unprofessional critics, as to the relative merits of Pointed and Classical Architecture, and as to the conditions and characteristics of the "new style" that is desiderated by both parties alike. His volume on the adaptation of Gothic architecture to the secular wants of the future will therefore probably receive, as it well deserves to do, a respectful audience both from friends and foes.

Though somewhat diffuse in style, and occasionally perhaps rather too familiar and colloquial in expression, this work is so agreeably written, and with such evident heartiness and sincerity of purpose, that it almost disarms formal criticism, and may be recommended to general readers in pursuit of amusement, as

\* *Remarks on Secular and Domestic Architecture, Present and Future.* By George Gilbert Scott, A.R.A., Author of "A Plea for the Faithful Restoration of Ancient Churches." London: Murray. 1857.

well as to those who are ready to listen to instruction and serious reasoning on an important subject of the day. Indeed, Mr. Scott often diverges from the more immediate matter in hand into very pertinent discussions on social questions—such as the debasing and immoral consequences of overcrowding the cottages of the poor—which cannot be read without profit by any who have the interests of their fellow-creatures at heart, or who wish to estimate rightly their own duties, whether as lords of the soil, or owners of house property, or only as ordinary members of the body politic. But it is in its æsthetic aspect that the book claims our more particular attention.

Any one who has considered the architectural progress of the last twenty years, must know that the mistress-art has experienced during that period a most remarkable revival. It is not merely that there has been an improvement in practice, but there has been a thorough investigation into the first principles of the science. And the benefit of this searching study has not been wholly confined to one school or to one style. The reign of "compo" is well-nigh over in Classical as well as Gothic architecture. St. George's Hall at Liverpool is a noble and truthful building, Mr. Scott himself being the judge; and columns of polished granite have deposed scagliola or cement in the dignified façade of the Carlton Club. But it is in the revival of the Pointed styles that, by universal consent, the greatest progress has been made. From a debasement to which the lowest decline of the Classical traditions scarcely affords a parallel, to the present pitch of triumphant success, the improvement of Gothic architecture has been a steady and rapid march. The style already monopolizes the ecclesiastical and semi-ecclesiastical building of the country; and this very circumstance has been sometimes used by its opponents as an argument against its employment for any merely secular uses. But in proportion as our Pointed architects feel that they have mastered the essential principles of their style, they naturally take a more aggressive attitude, and claim for it a universal dominion. They no longer confine themselves to *à priori* arguments as to the suitableness of Gothic for a northern climate, or as to its hold upon our affections and associations as being an indigenous and a Christian form of art. They assert that its capabilities are equal to all the wants of our advanced civilization, and undertake to adapt its resources to all the requirements of our present social state. And more than this, when they are met by the cry that what the age wants is neither Gothic nor Classic, but an entirely new architecture that shall represent and embody as it were our own peculiar standpoint in the world's history, they reply that such a style of the future can be successfully developed from no other germ than that of the revived Pointed of our day, assimilating to itself in its further growth all that may be gathered, by an eclectic process, from the architecture of other ages and other climes.

It is at this point of the controversy that Mr. Scott steps forward in the volume before us; and those who desire to see how his school of professional architects address themselves to the problem of constructing an appropriate architecture for the England of the nineteenth century, must consult his admirable pages. The following summary condenses, in his own words, the main positions he sets himself to prove:—

I want to call attention to the meanness of our vernacular architecture, and to the very partial success which has hitherto attended the attempts at its improvement; I want to point out the absurdity of the theory that one style is suited to churches and another to houses, and of the consequent divorce between ecclesiastical and secular architecture; to press upon architects who are engaged in the Gothic revival, the paramount duty of rendering it consistent by perfecting it, and that on a systematic principle, in its domestic and secular branches; and, finally, to show to the public that we aim not at a dead antiquarian revival, but at developing, upon the basis of the indigenous architecture of our own country, a style which will be pre-eminently that of our own age, and will naturally, readily, and with right good will and heartiness, meet all its requirements, and embrace all its arts, improvements and inventions.

Beginning with a forcible description of the meanness, squalor, and vile ugliness of modern housebuilding, as exhibited more especially in the suburbs and outskirts of the metropolis and our large towns, Mr. Scott contrasts with this picture the modest, substantial, beautiful, and picturesque domestic architecture of the Middle Ages; and he argues that, as our religious styles have been successfully reformed by the patient study of Gothic principles, so the time has come for our civil architecture to be regenerated by the like process. To this end he warns his professional brethren against what he calls architectural *masquerading*, and lays down the principle that only one style—viz., the Middle-Pointed—must be practised, and the golden rule that architecture must be modified to meet the uses of buildings, instead of practical convenience being sacrificed to artistic considerations. He then proceeds to give some tentative remarks on the allowable or advisable treatment, in domestic design, of sundry architectural details, external and internal, such as windows, doorways, roofs, chimneys, woodwork, ceilings, grates, staircases, floors, coloured decorations, and painted glass. Into these questions we cannot follow him—suffice it to say, that he argues for the greatest freedom of action within the limits of the style. We may use sashes or casements, round arches, pointed arches, or lintels, high roofs or low roofs, according to local circumstances or individual tastes. His thesis is, that the Gothic style can tolerate nearly all varieties of treatment, and employ all varieties of material, without losing its essential character; and he claims, on the part of our more successful architects, such a thorough mastery by this time of the genius of the style as to

fit them for the somewhat difficult task of moulding it properly to all its possible applications. We are next led to consider the respective peculiarities and requirements of buildings in the country and in towns—the latter embracing public edifices and those devoted to commerce, such as railways, factories, and warehouses. A chapter follows on Restorations, in which the author seeks to apply to existing secular buildings the same cautious respect for the art of past ages which he so properly pleaded for, in a former volume, in behalf of churches. Then he discusses, with a view to some popular objections against the "reality" of Gothic architecture, the boundaries of truth and falsehood in building and decoration, concluding with some remarks on the lessons to be derived from the mediæval remains of Italy, and with a chapter, full of courage and hopefulness, on the Architecture of the Future.

It is impossible to read these pages without being convinced that their writer has indeed grasped and made his own the principles, whatever they be, of Gothic design. He has become imbued with them. It is no longer a foreign language to him, but, like his own speech, one in which he is thoroughly at home. And it is equally apparent that Mr. Scott and his fellows have already made no small advance in developing and extending the style they use. They no longer walk with crutches, or guide themselves slavishly by precedent. They are ready and willing to borrow from every quarter, to fuse the characteristics of local varieties into a progressive whole, to adapt their art to every possible difference of circumstance and requirement. And although this boldness and freedom may sometimes perhaps run into extravagance, it will be acknowledged by most thoughtful and unprejudiced observers that the vitality of artistic power and the earnest moral conviction that are necessary for the elaboration of a new style, or a new modification of old styles, will be found rather among the Gothic architects of our day than in the ranks of those who follow the old traditions of Vitruvius and Palladio. Take as an example the competition-drawings last year for the Government Offices. How few of the Classical designs on that occasion showed vigour or promise! And how tame and timid were the few developments that were attempted in the manner of the Cinque-cento Renaissance, or after the type of the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville at Paris! On the other hand, one of the charges brought against the Gothic competitors in Westminster Hall was that their designs were not—as they were assumed to pretend to be—strict revivals of the old English domestic architecture. It was said that they were like nothing ever seen before—that they showed an incongruous mixture of national types with an undue influence of the mediæval Gothic of Italy. But no one could deny that the leading exhibitors in the Pointed style had grappled with the practical conditions of the competition as closely and as successfully as their more popular rivals; and it savoured very much of a foregone conclusion that, in the award of the judges, the picturesque beauty, the novelty of combination, and in general the life and spirit and energy so abundantly displayed in the Gothic designs, did not secure for their authors the highest prizes in each department.

For our own part, we confess that the prospects of English architecture seem to us full of hope and encouragement. So long as our Gothic artists continue to think and work as vigorously as Mr. Scott and others of the same school, we have little fear of their success. Opposition and prejudice will do them rather good than harm; and meanwhile the public is gradually becoming more and more interested in architectural questions, and more competent to appreciate excellence and to decide between the contending factions. Mr. Scott has done well in issuing this manifesto, as it were, of the aims and anticipations of himself and his colleagues. In his final chapter, in which he sketches the architecture of the future as growing out of the Pointed art of the day, he throws down a gauntlet to his opponents, and invites controversy and inquiry. It will surprise some of those who have not followed the growth of opinion in matters architectural, who still go by precedent and dread innovation, to find Mr. Scott arguing for a combination of trabecated with arcuated construction—for the use of the round arch, under proper circumstances, in combination with the pointed or segmental forms—for a system of ornamentation "independent of that of previously existing styles," and modelled solely on natural forms—(a reference to nature being the distinguishing characteristic of his suggested development)—and for a thorough reform of coloured decoration and all subsidiary arts. Nor does he despair of something like a unity of result being worked out by such architects of the rival school as shall commit themselves to a course of judicious progress and development. There is, we think, much practical wisdom in the following extract:—

Lastly, it may be asked, what influence do we expect that the present so-called Classic styles will exercise upon the result we are imagining? Is the work of three centuries to be unlifted in the future developments, and its monuments to remain among us in a state of isolation, exercising no influence upon future art? It would, I am convinced, be as unphilosophical to wish, as it would be unreasonable to expect this. The actual course of things may probably be something of this kind. The two great schools of architecture (known, unreasonably enough, by the names of Classic and Gothic) will probably run on for many years collaterally. In each there will be a servile and a developing party, and in each the latter will be ever gaining the ascendancy. As the developing parties in the Classic school progress, they will probably be ever striving to perfect the *arcuated* element in their architecture; they will also see that the perpetuation, *ad infinitum*, of the details used in ancient Rome is, on the very face of it, absurd, and will substitute ornaments founded upon nature for the worn-out enrichments of their school. This, with the introduction of new materials and inventions, and



the constructive colouring which we also aim at, will gradually assimilate their developments to our own, till at length (as I fully believe) they will unite in a style infinitely more Gothic than Classic.

There are, however, some practical obstacles to the extensive use of Pointed architecture for domestic purposes, of which Mr. Scott can scarcely be unaware, but which he has not noticed in this essay. Few persons have built, or lived in, a modern Gothic house, who have not had reason to complain of the comparative expensiveness of the style or of its numerous discomforts. We should have liked to see some explanations on these points. Whether it be that more materials are used, or that artisans take a longer time in working unfamiliar mouldings and details, or that contractors reap an undue advantage from the exceptional nature of the work, the fact remains that one has to pay excessively for building in this style. And if the internal fittings are to be carried out consistently—in grates, and bell-handles, and locks, and the like details—the cost becomes most serious. This of course may be remedied, to some extent, in proportion as Pointed architecture becomes more common; and we have heard that some architects have attempted to meet the difficulty by employing in all their works the same builder, whose masons and joiners have become accustomed to the *minutiae* of the style. But it is an important subject, and would well have deserved discussion at Mr. Scott's hands. We have less reason to complain of his not touching on the other matter—the frequent discomforts of a Gothic house—because he may, for all we know, have avoided these faults in his own buildings, and he might say that the style is not answerable for the absurdities of those who use it amiss. But it must not be forgotten that our Gothic architects have had no small experience in one class of dwelling houses—we mean in parsonages and school-residences. And we have a right to demand of them, by this time, something better than we generally find in such buildings. How often do picturesque exteriors mask mean and inconvenient internal arrangements! And small dark rooms, narrow winding stairs, borrowed lights for the passages, latticed windows that exclude neither wind nor rain, and many other architectural solecisms, are pretty sure to be found in the high-roofed, deep-buttressed, lozenge-paned, and polychromatized vicarages that now abound in our rural districts. It is one of Mr. Scott's chief arguments that the Pointed style is as suitable for the cottage and small villa as for the mansion and palace. We may fairly look to him and his brotherhood for proving this practically in the large class of buildings we have mentioned, which are already, as a rule, designed in a semi-ecclesiastical style. And, whatever excuse may be made for past failures, there will be nothing to be pleaded for future blunders of this kind after the bold claims now put forward by Mr. Scott in behalf of the universal fitness and applicability of the Gothic style.

#### HOWEL'S LETTERS.\*

THE doctrine that history must be written from contemporary sources alone, and that these are sufficient in themselves, has become a commonplace. In spite of its plausibility, it is about as true as most other commonplaces. If the chronicler was a blockhead or uncritical, his daily notice of facts will be just as accurate as the more modern gossip of "Our Own Correspondent," though infinitely less amusing. If the Parliament was subservient, its preambles will only be Ministerial apologies for its statutes. If the letter-writer be a great man, but not a mechanic in words, he will probably express the ideas which he is impressing on the time in a phraseology which is not his own, and which does not convey his character—the statesman will write like a Puritan, or the German king like a French encyclopedist. On the other hand, a captive queen, by double right as a poet and a woman, may appear sentimental and injured where she is only false. In all these cases, the historian must have read the times before he can study the men. But there is one class of writers who are invaluable—men of second-rate powers, who took their tone altogether from the world about them—men who thought themselves of first-rate powers, and therefore intruded themselves into great subjects, or fastened upon great characters—men with quick powers of observation, vivaciously fond of adventure and society, garrulous upon paper from the wish to find audience with posterity, and fairly accurate from the habit of often writing. In the highest order of men of this class stand Boswell and Pepys, whose works do not need to be named or to be praised. Less methodical and with less unbroken personal interest, but otherwise scarcely less valuable for the light they throw upon the times, are the letters of James Howel. A hundred years ago, they had reached an eleventh edition—since then, their circulation has consisted in passing between bookstalls and the shelves of a few collectors.

Howel was the son of a Welsh gentleman, and boasts occasionally of the kings whom he numbers among his ancestry. But the royal fortunes of the house had been so far reduced that in 1613, when he left Oxford, he was glad to begin life as steward in a glass-house. From this he was promoted, five years afterwards, to a travelling commission, that he might collect workmen and materials for a new company, which was to employ coal instead of wood in its glass-furnaces. Holland, France, Spain,

and Italy, were successively visited on this expedition. A second short excursion was made in company with a pupil, Lord Altham's son. Howel had now earned a general reputation as a practical man, and was employed in 1622 by the Turkey Company to obtain compensation from the Court of Spain for a ship unjustly confiscated and sold by the Viceroy of Sardinia. The negotiation was hindered by the sudden arrival of Prince Charles and Buckingham in chivalrous quest of a queen, as the Prince was unwilling to let his presence appear a ground for soliciting favours from Ministers. The rupture of the match ruined the Company's hopes, Olivarez saying that they should have justice when the Spaniards had it in England; and Howel estimated his own loss of commission at 3000*l*. We find him next secretary to Lord Scrope, and member for Richmond in the Parliament of 1627. Other employments and the favour of Strafford led him gradually to his highest dignity, the post of Clerk of the Council; but after scarcely two years' enjoyment of it, he was seized in 1643 by a warrant from the Parliament, and committed to the Fleet. Howel always insinuates that his loyalty was the cause of a long confinement, but there have not been wanting enemies who ascribed it to his debts. Certainly, when he recovered his liberty, apparently about 1649, the care with which he omits all mention of his place of residence and disguises dates, seems to show that his fortunes were not prosperous; and Duck-lane and Thames-street, which he incidentally mentions, were never fashionable resorts. But he occupied his leisure, in prison and out of it, as a busy pamphleteer; and as politicians are sometimes more grateful than posterity, these productions, which the world has forgotten, obtained for their author at the Restoration the post of Historiographer Royal. He died not long afterwards, in 1666. The letters by which he is now remembered appeared first in 1641, and were largely added to in subsequent editions. Their success no doubt was partly owing to the great variety of persons addressed, among whom Lords Strafford, Herbert of Cheshire, and Bristol, Archbishop Usher, Ben Jonson, and Sir Kenelm Digby, figure. Moreover, novelty must be allowed for, as private correspondence was not then a *secret de comédie*, witty, learned, or sentimental, with a view to after publication. Still the lively writing and cheerful egotism of the author, whose style is always best when it is least laboured, furnish no doubt the chief reasons why the book was so often reprinted.

The letters written from abroad are perhaps the most interesting part of Howel's correspondence. The first place that he visited was Amsterdam, where the greatness and growth of the city impressed him forcibly. Its great trading superiority over the London of that time is well shown by the fact that commerce had become a steady profession, not an adventure:—"The wealth doth diffuse itself here in a strange kind of equality, not one of the burghers being exceeding rich or exceeding poor; inasmuch that I believe our four-and-twenty aldermen may buy a hundred of the richest men in Amsterdam." The city police was well administered:—"It is a rare thing to meet with a beggar here; for besides the strictness of their laws against mendicants, they have hospitals of all sort for young and old, both for the relief of the one and the employment of the other." But Howel had a secret distaste for the great religious liberty allowed:—"I believe, in this street where I lodge, there be well near as many religions as there be houses." Trade was even then a rival influence to Sabbatarianism:—"The dog and rag market is hard by, where every Sunday morning there is a kind of public mart for those commodities, notwithstanding their precise observance of the Sabbath." Leyden University, from its want of colleges, appeared mean and petty in comparison with Oxford. The next stage was France. Paris is described as "the epitome of this huge populous kingdom and rendezvous of all foreigners." The buildings are praised as handsome, and the streets abused for their bad drainage, so that "the plague is always in some corner or other of this vast city." Other notices read like a passage from modern history. "The Louvre," it is mentioned, "will easily lodge 3000 men, which some told me was the end for which the late King made it so big, that lying at the far-end of this great mutinous city, if she perchance should rise, the King might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her." The police is spoken of as very defective. "There's never a night passeth but some robbing or murder is committed in this town, so that it is not safe to go late anywhere, specially about the Pont Neuf." One or two curious notices show what the fashionable commodities of Paris and England were. "I have sent you, by Vacandary, the post, the French beaver and twesces you writ for: beaver hats are grown dearer of late, because the Jesuits have got the monopoly of them from the king." On the other hand an English correspondent is asked "to send me a dozen pair of the best white kid-skin gloves the Royal Exchange can afford." Venice, the maiden city, as she was then called, is the traveller's great theme of admiration. "I was ravished with the high beauty of this maid, with her lovely countenance; I admired her magnificent buildings, her marvellous situation, her dainty, smooth, neat streets, where you may walk most days in the year in a silk stocking and satin slippers without soiling them; nor can the streets of Paris be so foul as these are fair." Then the arsenal was "one of the worthiest things in Christendom;" "here they can build a complete galley in half a day, and put her afloat in perfect equipage." Venice, too, was the city of glass, and "tis a rare sight to see a whole street, where, on the one side, there are twenty furnaces

\* *Epistolae Hoelianae*. Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, divided into four Books, partly Historical, Political, Philosophical, upon emergent occasions. By James Howel, Esq., one of the Clerks of his late Majesties most Honourable Privy Council. London. 1678.

together at work." Those were already days of decline for the Republic; "yet there is no outward appearance at all of poverty, or any decay in this city; but she is still gay, flourishing, and fresh, and flowing with all kind of bravery and delight, which may be had at cheap rates."

The minute chronicle of Charles's visit to Spain is very curious. "The Lady Infanta," we learn, "is a very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish; fair-haired, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her face; she is full and big-lipped, which is held a beauty rather than a blemish or any excess in the Austrian family, it being a thing incident to most of that race; she goes now upon sixteen, and is of a tallness agreeable to those years." Charles was enthusiastically received by both king and people, and began an ardent courtship:—

Not long since, the Prince, understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings to the Casa de Campo, a summer-house the King hath t'other side the river, to gather May-dew, he did rise betimes, and went thither, taking your brother (Mr. Endymion Porter) with him: they were let into the house and into the garden, but the Infanta was in the orchard, and there being a high partition-wall between, and the door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the wall, and sprung down a great height, and so made towards her; but she spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek and ran back. The old Marquis that was then her guardian came towards the Prince, and fell on his knees, conjuring his Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his head if he admitted any to her company; so the door was opened, and he came out under the wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long hour together, in a close coach in the open street, to see her as she went abroad.

Spanish procrastination and bigotry were not a little to blame for the breaking off of this match. The Junta evidently intended to obtain religious concessions, and to make none. The Anglican clergymen, who had "brought hither some of our best Church-plate and vestments," in the hope of bringing the Spaniards "to a better opinion of us" by the performance of the Church Liturgy, were not even allowed an open chapel for the Prince. There was always an answer to come from Rome, and it never arrived. Still Charles cannot be acquitted of duplicity. In spite of his bragging answer, that if love brought him there, fear should not drive him away, he must before his departure have designed the breach of promise which he soon consummated. He left proxies for the marriage in Lord Bristol's hands. It was looked upon as a settled thing in Spain. "The Lady Infanta hath caused a mass to be sung every day for his good voyage. . . . Since our Prince his departure hence the Lady Infanta studieth English apace; we account her as it were our Princess now, and as we give so she takes that title." The sequel is well known. The dispensation at last arrived; and four days before the espousals were to be celebrated, Lord Bristol received a prohibition to deliver the proxy.

The letters written in England are full of anecdote, but it is often rather *apropos* to the subjects of the time than about the men. Some curious facts may indeed be gleaned. "The king" of Howel's acquaintance can hardly have been any other than James I., who, "being crossed in his game, would, amongst his oaths, fall on the ground, and bite the very earth in the rough of his passion." Some curious prophecies of coming disaster, that were drifting about like straws before the wind some time before the civil wars broke out, deserve a passing notice. One in verse, too long to be quoted, is from a libellous poem called "Balaam's Aas," for which the author was drawn and quartered. Another, unhappily, is true for all time to nations which survive their faith and liberties:—"The churchman was, the lawyer is, the soldier shall be." Passages descriptive of the religious state of the times abound. Howel rather "pitied than hated Turk or Infidel." But he is not so tolerant always. "If I hate any, 'tis those schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our Church, so that I could be content to see an Anabaptist go to hell on a Brownist's back." Nor does he approve of "those heterocletes who endeavour the exalting of the kingdom of Christ, in lifting it upon Belzebub's back, by bringing in so much profaneness to avoid superstition." If his account of his own practice be not highly coloured, Howel was a churchman after the fashion of George Herbert, whose famous apology for sermons he almost copies. "I never prejudicate or censure any preacher, taking him as I find him." His attention and devout attitudes in church were points on which he greatly plumed himself. "In God's holy house, with bended knee and an open confident face, I fix my eyes on the east part of the church and on heaven. When I stand at the Creed, I think upon the custom they have in Poland and elsewhere for gentlemen to draw their swords all the while, intimating thereby that they will defend it with their lives and blood." Every day in the week had its special observance. "I thank God, I have this fruit of my foreign travels, that I can pray unto him every day of the week in a several language, and upon Sunday in seven. . . . And as I pray thrice every day, so I fast thrice every week, at least I eat but one meal upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays." It would be curious to know how long it was fashionable for Churchmen to fast. Swift speaks of it as a practice in his time, and declares his dislike to Lent accordingly. Probably he saw the last of it.

It is to be wished that some one of our learned Societies would undertake to re-publish, re-arrange, and annotate Howel's letters. A writer who mixed with some of the ablest men of his day, and whom Richelieu invited to take service in France, must have had qualities that made him trustworthy. A pedantry that affects euphuisms and witty conceits is too *rococo* in the nineteenth century to be very offensive; and the easy vanity that dashes at

every subject gives the charm of novelty to every page. But the true interest of these letters can never be appreciated till they cease to be what they are at present—a mass of confusion, without order of date or thought.

#### THE CHILDREN'S BOWER.\*

MR. DIGBY modestly speaks of himself as "a writer who has tried to bear his share in the struggles of the age with so little ardour for personal distinction, as to deem it a sign of providential care extended to himself (for which he daily feels immense gratitude) that he has not been generally noticed in the crowd of his fellow-labourers." Yet we believe that there are very many persons, without as well as within his own religious communion, by whom the author of the *Broad Stone of Honour* and the *Mores Catholici* is held in high and deserved honour; and, if his name be less known than that of many far inferior authors, the chief reason is probably to be found in the circumstance that, until lately, his writings were not announced to the world in the usual way, and that consequently their existence was discoverable only by such persons as might chance to hear of them in conversation or to fall in with them in book-shops.

For ourselves, we have long been among Mr. Digby's admirers; but we must confess that we have not of late years kept up with his productiveness. For, notwithstanding the great merits of the *Broad Stone* and the *Mores*—although they display the results of a very unusually wide reading, and are animated by an admirably pure and noble spirit—there are also certain defects in them which, after a time, must make themselves painfully felt. The want of intelligible plan, the absence of argumentative power and of critical discernment, the vagueness and the sameness which pervade the whole, can hardly fail to tell on the reader as he goes on; and at the end of fifteen volumes, he will probably feel but little appetite for more. Such, at least, was our own case; and although, for certain reasons, we lately re-read the tenth volume of the *Mores* (that which relates to the monastic life, and which is perhaps the most delightful of the whole), we have hitherto shrunk from making acquaintance with the *Compitum* and some of his other productions.

On taking up the *Children's Bower*, it seems to us, however, that the author is somewhat changed since the time of our earlier acquaintance with him. He is more like other people, more familiar and practical, more of a living man who feels that he must belong to the nineteenth century, and that he has something to do in it, than of old. He has learnt that, if the chivalry and the religion of the middle ages be gone, there is yet, even in these days, room for piety and charity, for generous thought and heroic action. Instead of dwelling among dreams of the past, he is content to seek out and to discover that good which is in homely and humble modern things. How different, for example, from the old lofty disdain is this genial and kindly description of Ramsgate:—

That town which, from the cliffs, whose sides are yearly wasted by the deep, St. Augustine's grey massive tower dominates—town of midsummer mirth if you will—town of children, and of those who in their cheerfulness resemble them, as if each thought himself again a child; but town of humanity, with all the virtues which that word implies—town not deserving, like that Italian city, the epithet superb, not proud, not ambitious, like so many others where arrogance and grandeur keep their vain melancholy state; but only an unpretending sunny place, of simple, and, literally, of childlike recreation for the common inhabitants of London, aspiring, like one family, after nought but air and mirth, health and freedom, "gathering shells on summer eve," lulling sand, and breasting the ocean wave.

And if it be asked how the change which we have noticed has been produced, the answer is—by the teaching of "the Children's Bower."

The new book may be described as a *Lyra Innocentium* after Mr. Digby's peculiar manner—a discourse on the lessons which may be learnt from the ways of childhood and youth. It opens with the funeral of the author's youngest child, a boy eight years old, who is buried in the chapel of "a great house, the well-known seat of an old historic family;" and hints are given that the most conspicuous among the mourners—a tall, handsome, graceful youth, the firstborn and pride of the family—will himself soon be called to follow his little brother. Thus both the beginning and the expected end cast a shadow of death over the whole, and it is from the two lost children that the lessons of the *Bower* are mainly drawn. What dismal twaddle such a subject would become in the hands of a Puritan biographer, we all know only too well, or can but too readily imagine—how little Ebenezer's coughs and colds, his teething and nettle-rash and measles, his devout resignation to physic, and his sublime superiority to lollipops and marbles, would be dwelt on in a strain provoking our disgust against canting parents and bookmakers, and almost against their poor little victim himself. And, as King James declares, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, that he had "kenned Puritans o' papistical principles," so we are far from supposing that similar trash to that with which we are familiar from the "Evangelical" side may not be found among the biographical literature of Mr. Digby's own communion. But, however this may be, the book now before us is of a very different tone—it is cheerful throughout, and even full of a sort of pleasant

\* *The Children's Bower; or, What you Like.* By Kenelm Henry Digby. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1858.



humour. For, in Mr. Digby's opinion, the religion proper for the young is not one of precocious solemnity, but of love, simplicity, and innocent glee; and, regarding the lives of his lost children as a pledge that they have passed into a better state, he aims at reviving their images as they really were. They are still Tom and Jack for him, and under these names we learn to know them as friends. Little Jack, "the Giant-killer's namesake," becomes to us a familiar figure, with his frolicsome temper, his ever-ready shouts of laughter, his graceful little bits of slang (such as his eulogy on the dearest relations and friends as being "regular bricks," and his delight in a new dress as being "spicy for Sundays"), his strong affections, his love for the offices of his Church, and his kindness to all about him, from the French "Mamousselle"—whose letter is one of the most pleasing things in the book—down to the terriers "Dan" and "Brother Gyp," and the retriever, "Lady Fatty, duchess of Abingdon Place." Tom is—the tall, gay, gallant brother, the pride of all these young hearts, though himself the humblest of the humble; the lover of horses and boats, and nets and guns, the gentleman, as common persons that know him say, "every inch of him;" the gay songster and the skilled on the sweet silver cornet; the inspirer of joy wherever he enters. Even the chance comer, who sees him for the first time, is struck with what he terms the childlike innocence of his face and manners. Of course he belongs to the bower, notwithstanding his stable and horses, his dog-cart, of which he had two months' fruition, and his pipe (for you see them all that way now).

He is not bookish, like his father, but is not on that account the less an object of the father's admiration. He is frank, hearty, liberal, and charitable—a favourite and a familiar with people of every class, from great French nobles, aged generals, and venerable abbés, down to common soldiers and servants. He enters with keen enjoyment into all sorts of amusements:—

Yet with all that assumed carelessness, levity, freedom of spirit, or what you might call the common air of lads like himself, there was a piety in his young heart which ever guided him. Grave and very pious people would sometimes, in his presence, criticise, scrutinize, analyse, blame, and ridicule priests. But the gay, lighthearted youth would sit, on such occasions, like a Pythagorean. He would only permit himself, at times, timidly, as if he was affecting a right to criticise which he felt he did not possess, to remark some trait in a priest which he thought "particularly pleasing;" or he would relate, with arch humour, some trait that presented a priest in an amiable, humorous light, as in an instance I recollect, which is perhaps worth repeating, from the similarity, unknown to the young narrator, that it presented to the description of Sir Roger de Coverley's being surprised into a short nap in church. Being invited by the curé of a village in the woods, about three miles from St. Germain-en-Laye, to pass the Sunday with him, our Tom found on arriving that his own services were to be put in requisition as an acolyte. It happened to be a great day in the village, for an organ was to be "inaugurated" for the first time there. It's true there was no one to play on it excepting the good curé; but he had the gift of ubiquity for the occasion, and so could officiate at the altar, and from time to time delight the simple congregation with the unaccustomed tones of the instrument from the opposite end of the church. In the morning all passed off splendidly; but at vesper, after dinner, the weather being very sultry, the little stranger, while seated at one side of the curé, silly observed that both the boy on the other side and the good man himself were nodding very profoundly. The latter, however, like Sir Roger, upon recovering out of his short nap, seeing the condition of the lad at one side, signified to him, by a sound cuff on his next ear, that he at least had no right to imitate his pastor. All which incidents the other related on his return, with as much loving admiration of his patron as if, like Addison, he sought to interest every one in his character by a graphic account of its simplicity.

Here is another story:—

A learned French ecclesiastic, who was employed in a vast work respecting the saints of Beauvais, having written to inquire whether any local traditions remained on the coast of Kent respecting the preaching of Eustache de Flais in the thirteenth century, and particularly whether any such existed at a hamlet near Wye, where that holy man had blessed a well, Tom volunteered to make the inquiry. He started alone on a velocipede, and, after a course of nearly twenty miles, by dint of perseverance (for the few cottages were hardly known even by the peasants at a few miles distant) he discovered the curious fact of there being such a well within the enclosure of a farm-house, called the Holy Well, and of which the water was still in great request throughout the neighbourhood, as being invested with miraculous powers to cure diseases. He could not have travelled much less than forty miles that day, when he came home triumphant with the success of his innocent expedition.

True it is, that the "curious fact" which was wanted might have been found in the county histories by Harris and Hasted, or even in Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary*; and if nothing less than seeing would serve poor Tom, the railway would have easily conveyed him to Wye station, within a mile (to judge by the Ordnance Map) of the well which Abbot Eustace is recorded by Roger Wendover to have hallowed by his blessing. But we honour him all the more for the readiness with which, instead of asking whether the expedition might not be spared, or how it might most easily be made, he at once mounted his velocipede, and set off for the unknown regions into which it never occurred to him that other discoverers might have penetrated before him.

Let our readers should misapprehend the nature of the book, we must say expressly that it is not a memoir of Mr. Digby's sons, but a discursive treatise in which the traits of these boys are introduced from time to time by way of example and illustration. There is the indescribable archaism of style with which the readers of the *Broad Stone* and the *Mores* are familiar—here rendered more quaint by its contrast with the modernness of the subject. There is the old profusion of quotations, combined and harmonized as if by what Mr. Carlyle styles, "the mosaic brain of old Burton:"—thus, at vol. i. p. 79, we are presented, within eight lines, with the authorities of St. Augustine, Cæsar Cartæ, Sir Thomas Overbury, and—a London cabman! But in the sources of these quotations there is a considerable change from

the earlier times. A few of the old oracles, indeed, still occur frequently—Plato and the great saint of Hippo, Gerson, Pious of Mirandula and Shakspeare. But the knightly romances and the mediæval writers in general have given way to new favourites, some of whom are in truth rather strange companions for so devout a Romanist as Mr. Digby. For *Palmerin* and *Perceforest*, *Amadis* and the *Mort d'Arthur*—for the *Gesta Dei per Francos*, Joinville, and Froissart—we now meet with Ruskin and Carlyle, St. Simon and Peypys, Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt. Frederick Schlegel and Görres are succeeded by Villemain and De Tocqueville; and the solemn Dante of the *Mores Catholici* has made way for some late poets, whose pretty, imitative verses, for the most part, we should probably never have seen but for their appearance in these pages. It is, however, remarkable that, with the exception of frequent quotations from Mr. Aubrey de Vere, there is very little mention of late Roman Catholic literature. Cardinal Wiseman is named once—Dr. Faber is quoted once, as "a great voice from the English Oratory"—and that is all. We cannot, therefore, but suspect that Mr. Digby, whose own conversion to the Roman faith dates from the earlier part of George IV.'s reign (when such a step required far more of mental vigour and resolution than it now does) has little sympathy with more recent converts, or with the spirit which is now dominant in his Church. He argues as strenuously as an old-fashioned Anglican might argue against the indiscriminate rage for teaching young women that the way of holiness for them is not the family but the convent (vol. i., pp. 179-182):—

Grave but most unwise seniors! [he writes elsewhere] ye think to serve the ancient religion by trying vainly to identify her with whatever is obsolete, ridiculous, cruel, unkind, austere, unnatural, strained, exaggerated, superstitious—portentous things which never came from her, but all of which in turn sought to disfigure her. Hear the plain truth for once—"Her fame lives in the world, her shame in you."

He denounces all cruelties practised in the name of his religion, he celebrates bishops and persons in authority who showed kindness to the Protestants of France, and he would evidently turn from the *Univers* with as strong a loathing as from the *Record*. Whatever, therefore, may be our differences of opinion from Mr. Digby, we would rather dwell on those far more numerous points in which we can agree with one from whose writings, both in former years and now, we have derived very much both of pleasure and of instruction.

#### A SUMMER IN THE SAHARA.\*

IF asked where one would rather not spend the summer, many persons would certainly reply, "The Sahara;" yet M. Fromentin, with all the authority of experience, would say that they were decidedly wrong. It is always pleasant to read impressions of foreign countries noted down on the spot by an intelligent man. They may not be profound or elaborate, but they are generally fresh and genuine. M. Fromentin's book assumes a rather familiar form, as it consists of letters written to a friend during three summer months, the greater part of which time he spent at El-Aghouat, and the rest at Ain-Mahdy, another Arab town. We are told that there are two distinct populations in the Sahara. Some tribes are sedentary, with abodes in towns and villages, where a constant supply of water invites them to settle—others belong to the race of conquering Arabs, and are nomade aristocrats, living in tents. The first are cultivators, the second shepherds. Their mutual contempt does not prevent their contributing to each other's necessities, or sharing the oases of which they are the joint proprietors. In reality, immense populations are distributed over the vast extent of the Sahara, which has been supposed to be inhabited by "all kinds of chimerical beings, except man, the most real and most numerous of all." Our author was greatly amused by finding the Arabs so different from the ideal he had formed, and he remarks, "d'abord on n'aperçoit que la variété des costumes; elle séduit et fait oublier l'homme." Those whom he calls agricultural make their huts in solitary places—they are a suspicious race, neither liking to show their dwellings, speak of their affairs, nor even disclose their names. They ask questions, but all curiosity about themselves they consider importunate. M. Fromentin was full of enthusiasm about his new mode of life. A bivouac under an Eastern sky had for him all the charm of novelty and picturesque beauty. Those who have known what it is to rest in the shade after a long day's march, can alone appreciate the intense repose and silence expressed in the following words:—"S'il arrive qu'un ramier passe au-dessus de mon tête, je vois son ombre glisser sur le terrain, tant ce terrain est uni; et j'entends le bruit de ses ailes, tant le silence qui se fait autour de moi est grand." All his property was contained in two trunks strapped on the back of a dromedary. His horse was lying near him on the ground, ready, if he willed it, to conduct him to the world's end; while his tent afforded shade and shelter, and he might pitch it where he would. "Dejà je la considère avec une émotion mêlée de regrets."

Little variety seems to break the monotony of Arab travel from the time when the sun rises, calm and burning, till it sinks into the short tropical night. There is a severe grandeur in the aspect of the desert which disposes the mind to

\* *A Summer in the Sahara*. By Eugène Fromentin. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1857.

gravity—an effect which, as M. Fromentin observes, many people consider synonymous with “ennui.” He says, “La fixité un peu morne du beau temps, enfin une sorte d’impassibilité qui du ciel semble être descendue dans les choses, et des choses avoir passé dans les visages.” The Saharians are passionately attached to their country. Its silence seems one of its subtlest charms—vast and desolate regions would appear to have the effect of bringing their inhabitants into communion and harmony with Nature in its grandest forms. The French Government has had fortified houses built in the interior, called “maisons de commandement,” which serve a double purpose, being the official residences of tributary chiefs, and inns for travellers. In case of war, these houses would be used as places of defence, and are generally guarded by soldiers detached from the nearest French garrison. M. Fromentin and his companions made use of these accommodations on their way to El-Aghout—a town which he describes as a blackened mass in a desert of sand. The entrance to most Arab towns is through peaceful cemeteries, where are ranged a multitude of little stones which mark the dead; but the approach to El-Aghout is through reminiscences of a bloody siege. The surface of the ground is strewn with blanched skeletons of French soldiers, ill buried for want of pickaxes to dig sufficiently deep. There may be seen traces where General Pelissier bivouacked.

Towns in the desert are built on the simple plan of obtaining the maximum of shade. El-Aghout is a perfect labyrinth of small streets, alleys, corridors, and arcades, all arid and burning. It was the scene of a bloody struggle in 1844, between the inhabitants and a tribe supported by the French Government. The besieged Arabs made a desperate resistance; scarcely a stone remains which is not marked by many balls; every wall has its history, and we are told of two thousand and some hundred dead bodies taken up on the following day, more than two-thirds being found in the town. It is only now being slowly re-peopled, and is occupied by the French. The conquered tribe are confined to the lowest parts of the town, which was left in ruins. “To see these men,” said a French lieutenant, “one would imagine them incapable of revenge; we revenge ourselves at once or forget. The difference here is, that no one ever knows the time that rancour can last, and,” continued he, “je ne jurerais pas que le jour venu de régler leurs comptes, ils n’auraient pas le plus grand plaisir à me remplir le ventre de cailloux, ou à m’écorcher vivant, pour faire un tambour avec ma peau.” The frightful deeds of violence said to have been committed by the French, without regard to sex, may well call for retribution, especially where revenge is not a crime but a creed. An eyewitness, a French officer, relates some very painful anecdotes connected with the siege. He was M. Fromentin’s chief companion and cicerone—he knew the history of every one in the town, and through him his friend had a familiar insight into Arab houses. According to the writer, the life of an Arab is exhausted in seeking shade and doing nothing; whilst an Arab woman is the mother, the worker, groom, servant, almost the domestic beast of burden. The family only unite for meals during the day; in the evening the women congregate at the fountain, whilst the men sleep on the shady side of the streets:—

Vers une heure, l’ombre commence à se dessiner faiblement sur le pavé; assis, on n’en a pas encore sur les pieds; debout, le soleil nous effleure encore la tête; il faut se coller contre la muraille et se faire étroit. La réverbération du sol et des murs est épouvantable; les chiens poussent de petits cris quand il leur arrive de passer sur ce pavé métallique; toutes les boutiques exposées au soleil sont fermées: l’extrémité de la rue, vers le couchant, onde dans des flammes blanches; on sent vibrer dans l’air de faibles bruits qu’on prendrait pour la respiration de la terre haletante. Peu à peu, cependant, tu vois sortir des porches entrecroisées de grandes figures pâles, mornes, vêtues de blanc, avec l’air plutôt exténué que pensif; elles arrivent les yeux clignotants, la tête basse, et se faisant, de l’ombre de leur voile, un abri pour tout le corps, sous ce soleil perpendiculaire. L’une après l’autre, elles se rangent au mur, assises ou couchées quand elles en trouvent la place. Ce sont les maris, les frères, les jeunes gens, qui viennent achever leur journée. Ils l’ont commencée du côté gauche du pavé, ils la continuent du côté droit; c’est la seule différence qu’il y ait dans leurs habitudes entre le matin et le soir.—À deux heures, tous les habitants d’El-Aghout sont dans la rue.

One of M. Fromentin’s friends was an old lame hunter of ostriches and gazelles, who related his adventures in a very remarkable manner. He grotesquely portrayed the habits of birds and animals with a vivid power of mimicry which is the more singular when we recollect the usual silent and dignified demeanour of the Arab. There is something striking in the life of an Arab hunter. First, the long marches without water; then the ambush during the day, and watching all night for prey—all in the mighty solitude of the desert, with no companion but the blazing sun, no bed but the burning sand. There is a particular tribe called “M’zabites,” who are the Jews of the desert, as they alone traffic and keep shops, the Arabs despising labour and commerce. The coarse fabrication of actual necessities, such as burnous stuffs and blankets, devolves on women and children.

In the town there are dark courts common to two or three families. Each of them cook in one particular corner, where they allow their utensils to lie, with the remains of their meals, on the ground—bones and decayed vegetables all heaped together, black with flies. Light never enters, except by reflection, into these smoke-blackened habitations, the ceilings of which, “lost in perpetual obscurity, serve as a frightful retreat to animals of all sorts.” We may believe that these courts are “souillées d’ordures comme des cours d’étables.” There are dark holes or doors through

which, when the eyes are accustomed to look, may be vaguely discerned “un vaste métier debout, à charpente bizarre, tout rayé de fils tendus, où l’on voit courir des doigts bruns, et passer les dents aiguës d’un outil de fer semblable à un peigne; enfin, peu à peu, on finit par découvrir, derrière ce rideau de fils blancs, la forme un peu fantastique d’ouvrières assises et tissant, et de grands yeux stupéfiés fixés sur vous.”

Quelquefois, plusieurs femmes rangées côte à côte sont occupées à la même pièce d’étoffe: l’étoffe est tendue dans la longueur de la chambre, le centre vis-à-vis la porte, les deux bouts dans l’obscurité; les femmes sont accroupies derrière, le dos au mur, les mains glissant à travers la trame, ou frappant le tissu pour le serrer, les pieds parmi les écheveaux de laine, leurs nourrices sur leurs genoux. La plus âgée, assise à l’écart, carde la laine brute, en la déchirant sur une large étrille de fer. De maigres petites filles, plus pâles encore que leurs mères, juchées sur de hautes encoignures, filent avec une petite quenouille enjolivée de plumes d’autruches et laissent, du bout de leurs doigts jaunes, pendre jusqu’à terre le long fil qui se tord et se pelotonne autour du fuseau; d’autres le dévident. Il y a de tout petits enfants couchés dans les coins, nus, avec un lambeau de laine sur la figure, afin de les préserver des mouches. Mais, excepté ceux-ci que leur âge excuse de dormir, tout le monde travaille; seulement on parle peu; on voit la sueur qui perle sur ces fronts arides, et plus la chaleur est forte, plus les visages deviennent pâles.

M. Fromentin studied the natives in their hovels and *cafés*. He describes that very Eastern character—the flute-player and dancer. One, named Aouimer, performed before him, and even to educated French ears the music appeared admirable. The musician begins coldly, then increases in energy, and at last rises to a climax of passion unparalleled in European experience, unequalled in its expression. M. Fromentin declares he was never better pleased—the music and the action of the musician were in perfect harmony with the tranquil night and with that luxurious dreamy sensation of repose which steals over the inhabitants of an Eastern climate after suffering from the heat of the day. Aouimer finished the entertainment by dancing, which was nothing more than a burlesque of the grand and graceful pantomime which the Arab women perform to perfection. His exertions caused great amusement to the spectators in the *café*. It was in vain that M. Fromentin braved the mice and lizards, the dirt and discomforts, of his abode in El-Aghout, if his object was to make studies of the Arab population, for nothing could bribe or induce the women to sit for their portraits. Probably this is one reason why we see few women in pictures of Arab life. The few sketches he made, except by stealth, were from two or three men that he knew, and were taken almost by force, so strong is their prejudice and contempt for the profession, and objection to being sketched. Even the children feared some snare, and conceived the greatest horror of the artist, who admired them at a respectful distance. He says that there seem to be only women and young children, the intermediate age being almost unknown. He describes some charming little girls, with fleecy hair, scanty costume, wild eyes, and melancholy expression, with exquisitely formed hands and feet. Every one is familiar with the imposing Arab costume, but not with that of the women, which is equally picturesque and more simple:—

Représente-toi maintenant sous cette couverture abondante en plis, mais légère, de grandes femmes aux formes viriles, avec des yeux cercés de noir, le regard un peu louche, des cheveux nattés, qui se perdent dans le voile en floes obscurs, en encadrant un visage mièvre, flétri, de couleur neutre et qui semble ne pouvoir ni s’animer ni pâlir davantage; des bras nus jusqu’à l’épaule avec des bracelets jusqu’au coude, cercles d’argent, de corne ou de bois noir travaillés. Parfois, le haik qui s’entrouvre, laisse à nu tout un côté du corps: la poitrine, qu’elles portent en avant, et leurs reins fortement cambrés. Elles ont la marche droite, le pas souple et faisant peu de bruit; quelque chose enfin de gauche et à la fois de magnifique dans les habitudes du corps qui leur permet de prendre, accroupies, des postures de singe, et debout, des attitudes de statue.

M. Fromentin has evidently an artistic appreciation of form, colour, and atmospheric effect; and those who read his book will have a clearer conception of the difficulties of portraying Eastern scenes. Groups of Arabs are always seen in the shade, which at first appears dark, but when the eye is accustomed to it there is such intense reflection and colour that every object is clearly defined, and produces a very curious and beautiful effect.

In quitting the desert, M. Fromentin observes that the idea of a glass of pure cold water becomes a dreadful temptation, a nightmare—“je sens que la paresse m’envahit et que peu à peu toute ma cervelle se résout en vapeur.” Drinking only increased the terrible longing for water, which became a fixed idea. “Tout en moi se transforme en appétit sensuel, tout cède à cette unique préoccupation de se désalterer.” Yet he bid a sorrowful adieu to this country of thirst, which a three months’ residence had endeared to him, and the characteristics of which he enables his reader to realize with pleasure.

#### THE THREE CHANCES.\*

IT is impossible not to sympathize with the exultation with which the author of the *Three Chances* announces her discovery of a new subject for a novel. The old subjects are pretty well exhausted. Historical novels have had their day. Jesuits, Court intrigues, forgeries, and hair-breadth escapes are nearly worked out. We know by heart every conceivable variety of saintly young lady and erring young gentleman that can figure in the gentle drama of drawing-room life. Even the various miseries which spring from personal defects have been amply dwelt upon. Miss Yonge has portrayed the halt, and Sir

\* *The Three Chances.* By the Authoress of “*The Fair Carew*.” London: Smith and Elder. 1858.



E. B. Lytton, in his charming creation of Nydia, has done full justice to the blind; but the deaf still lack a bard, and the author of the *Fair Caren* steps forward to fill the void. The book before us is devoted to the miseries of a privation in which she thinks that much that is striking in character, and much that is touching in suffering, is displayed. A peculiar character is given to the work by the fact that the authoress looks upon friendship with a very enthusiastic eye, and is no less warm in favour of friendship's most trying incident—minute and constant letter-writing. Her two main characters are a gentleman who awakes one morning and finds himself stone-deaf, and a lady who, being engaged to another man, falls in love with the aforesaid deaf hero by reason of his touching appearance under that privation, and ultimately takes poison because she cannot have him; and both these personages are in the habit of pouring forth their inmost thoughts in voluminous letters to their respective confidantes. The result is that the book differs from other novels as Indian statesmen are said to differ from other statesmen. Almost all that it has of force and power is thrown, not into the conversation, but into the letters of its characters. There is little or no sprightly dialogue, but there is page after page of correspondence. The novel ceases to be a drama, and becomes a string of autobiographical essays. The story runs thus:—Mr. Frere, the deaf man, is on the point of being married when his affliction overtakes him. His bride-elect feels that dumb on one side is the necessary complement of deaf on the other, and naturally declines to forego the great prerogative of woman. In disgust at her inconstancy, Mr. Frere resolves to seclude himself from the world, and to shut himself up in the house of his attorney—the retreat to which jilting young ladies and thoughts of love are least likely to find their way. But the attorney and his family are, unknown to Mr. Frere, great rascals, and only harbour him in the hope of securing him as a husband to the lawyer's youngest daughter. Accordingly this young lady is summoned from school to effect her conquest. She is described as being vulgar in thought and accent; and Mr. Frere is the most refined of men. Nevertheless she succeeds by the most impudent advances in making a very effective progress in his good graces. Just at the point when friendship ought to have warmed into love, and she was beginning to find a difficulty in superinducing the wished-for change, fortune favoured her in a manner which strikingly shows the advantages of a confidential correspondence. There was staying at the attorney's another lady, named Miss Palliser, who was engaged to a colonel cousin of the family. This lady, who is described as a sort of Child Harold in petticoats, had closed a youth of such misery as to destroy her religious faith, by accepting, for the sake of an establishment, a lover for whom she avowedly did not care. Being a person of peculiar tastes, she employed the interval between her engagement and her marriage in falling desperately in love with the deaf Mr. Frere; and in accordance with the duties of friendship to which we have already alluded, she poured forth her feelings in a vigorous correspondence on the subject with her confidante. Unluckily, one of the letters of this correspondence was snatched out of her hands by Mr. Frere's playful poodle, who scampered off with it to his master. Mr. Frere thought it belonged to the attorney's daughter, was enraptured with the proofs of love which it contained, and forthwith proposed. Miss Palliser took refuge in a bottle of prussic acid, and the attorney's family were at the height of triumph. Unfortunately, at the moment of success, Mr. Frere recovered his lost sense. No sooner could he hear his ensnarer's voice than the delusion ceased—he broke off the match, and betook him to his former love.

There is, no doubt, a certain sort of power shown in the delineation of many of these characters. The head of the attorney's family, old Divett, a patriarch of ninety, grown grey in rascality, but honoured by all and reverently listened to as he deals out shrewd observations larded over with unctuous piety—the keen, scheming, respectable family, and the coarse old-maid cousin, vulgar and outspoken, who never cares to veil their coarted plans in decorous language, but whose good-heartedness prompts her at last to shatter all their meshes—are all drawn, if not with sober accuracy, at least with very interesting vigour. The great fault of the story is that both the deaf man's gullibility, and the audacious perfidy of the attorney's family, are terribly overdrawn. Not only do these Divetts openly discuss in full family council, and in the presence of the deaf man, the daily manœuvres by which he is to be entrapped, but they are made to take into their confidence a colonel-cousin, the soul of honour, and his affianced bride—the lady who falls in love with Mr. Frere's interesting infirmity, and ends in a love-stricken suicide. And it does not occur to the authoress as an artistic probability, that the honour of one of these characters and the love of the other might possibly induce them, by a hint to the deaf man, to spoil the sport of the schemers who were so atrociously imposing on his misfortune and violating their own hospitality. People who are plotting to impose upon a man, do not, even though they are attorneys, ordinarily discuss the plan of operations in a full family circle after breakfast. Nor does the presence of a colonel in the army, or of the rival in the duped man's affections, add any striking *vraisemblance* to the scene. The same tone of exaggeration is traceable in Miss Palliser's character. The freaks of love are of course innumerable—so all

novel readers are bound to believe; but there is a limit to the credulity even of that patient class. A picture of a highly intellectual young lady, and an affianced bride, losing her stern habitual self-control for the first time in her life, from a month's intercourse with a deaf man whom she had never seen before, overstates the whimsicality which the severest satirist has ever ventured to attribute to the sex. A criticism on music, which incidentally occurs, betrays the same *exalté* strain of writing. One of the tests by which Mr. Frere is first shaken as to the refinement of his intended bride, is the fact that she is fond of Ethiopian songs. Such a canon some ten years ago would have degraded to vulgarity half the Belgravian circles, self-dubbed *recherchés*.

In spite of its many faults of style and failures of probability, the reader will find it hard to put this story down till he has reached its close. It will probably not detract from the reputation of the authoress of the *Fair Caren*. But that reputation would be better consulted if the authoress would make her personages talk, instead of writing essays to their friends; and if she would leave off painting her characters after the Owen Jones style of decoration—three bright colours and no intermediate tints.

#### ESSAYS ON THE DRAMA.\*

FOR some time past we have felt an apprehension that the modern habit of collecting into volumes the scattered contributions of men of letters to reviews and magazines, might be carried too far—that the vanity of authors might trespass too far on the patience of readers, or at least of critics. We have had among our periodical writers some half-dozen, perhaps more, names of historic celebrity in literature; and the essays such men have thrown off, generally in the intervals of more definite application, cannot fail to have an interest, not only in themselves, but from the light they shed on the character of their authors, and the progress they denote in their intellectual career. But it should be remembered by those who are meditating the collection of such fugitive pieces in separate publications, that the chief charm of periodical writing lies generally in what we may call its setting. Essays on the passing questions of the hour, political or social, belong to the hour, and appeal to the thoughts and feelings of the hour. Turn back to an odd volume of one of our leading reviews, and cast your eye over its articles; you are thrown into the times themselves—each paper reflects a colour upon the rest, each enhances the interest of its companions. You learn to estimate the feeling of the day on politics or philosophy by observing what was its standard of taste in poetry, what its sense of social duties, what its views of spiritual enlightenment. But take away any particular article from this companionship or setting, and all this illustration is lost—its merits must now be judged in the abstract. An old master has painted his *chef-d'œuvre* for a particular altar in a particular church, where a particular light falls upon it, and you strip it from the wall, and hang it in the full blaze of a modern exhibition room—or an architect has constructed his hall or tower to group with certain objects around it, and you pull down half a street to open up to it a vista or clear it from obstructions—and then you wonder perhaps that the effect is quite different and by no means equally satisfactory. So with the periodical essay. Displaced from its natural and original accompaniments it comes out bald in tone, poor in effect. It clashes, perhaps with the temper of the new times on which it has fallen—at least it has lost its freshness, its application, and the opportuneness which constituted half its value. It may still have indeed its use to the antiquarian, the historian, or the philosopher; but to the general reader at least, it will, in too many cases, be probably little better than dust and ashes.

This fashion of republication commenced, it will be remembered, with certain well-known contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. In their case it had undoubtedly a reason and a propriety. The most salient essays of the *Edinburgh*, particularly those of its earlier years, were meant to teach abstract principles in politics, in literature, and in social science; and as far as they succeeded, which was certainly to no mean extent, in placing such questions on grounds of positive and abstract truth, they still retain a permanent importance in English literature. The essays of Jeffrey on the *Belles Lettres*, of Horner and Brougham on Political Economy, of Sydney Smith on the application of common sense to Politics and Ethics, mark that era in our national progress in which principles now current after half a century of debate were first plainly and boldly enunciated. Lord Macaulay's displays in intellectual pyrotechnics stand upon other ground—their merits, transcendent in their kind as they must always be considered, do not rest on the admitted truth or the acknowledged depth of their philosophy. We do not mean it as a disparagement of the interest which has attached to the great rival of the *Edinburgh* when we say that the essays contributed to the *Quarterly* have rarely had the same claim to an independent existence. The interest of the *Tory* journal has generally lain, not in the preaching of abstract truth and the assertion of universal principles, but in its light and easy treatment of the transient emotions of the day. Its politics have been ephemeral—their hue has shifted with every successive crisis, almost with every successive Ministry. The losing side

\* *Essays on the Drama*. By William Bodham Donne, 1858.

must live from hand to mouth; its polemics must be temporary and occasional; its defence must be a system of shifts and skirmishings. The papers of the *Quarterly* may be full of eloquence and satire, of terse argument and lucid exposition, but they express for the most part the feelings of the moment only, and their sense and spirit evaporate when they are made to stand alone. No periodical writers have been more effective in their day than Southey and Croker; yet who would think of reading a collective volume of their articles, in which, perhaps, there is not a general principle advanced which has not been belied by the deliberate judgment of a later generation.

While, in throwing out these observations, we would call the attention of writers and publishers to the distinction between papers written for the purpose of the moment, and with the views of the moment, and essays of higher aim and more lasting interest, we would designate the collection before us as eminently worthy to be preserved in a substantive shape. The papers which Mr. Donne has here brought together have been contributed to different periodicals—to the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, and *Fraser*, in the course of the last six or seven years. They all refer to kindred subjects. They are all, according to their title, Essays on the Drama, beginning with one on "Menander and the Athenian Comedy," and ending with a review of "Popular Amusements," both ancient and modern, among which the drama, in some shape or other, has generally held a prominent place. Sound criticism on the principles of the art both of the dramatist and the actor has a general interest, independent of the feeling or fashion of the day, and Mr. Donne has given to his remarks a permanent value by the justness of his maxims, the abundance of his illustrations, the sparkling vivacity of his language. We will not affirm that his observations are as thoughtful as Coleridge's, as pungent as Hazlitt's, as deep and tender as Lamb's; but they have the charm of truth and freshness, and are recommended by the graces of a style which in these days of hasty scribbling is itself a study.

The subjects of two of these essays have been already mentioned. Among the others is a review of Mr. Dyce's Edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, containing a fair and kindly estimate of the commentator's labours, together with a genial criticism on the brother bards themselves, and a view of the drama in their times. Another, under the title of *Plays and their Providers*, gives an account of the present state of the drama and the dramatic profession in London and the provinces, which is amusing now, and will be curious hereafter, coming as it does from the experience of one whose official post is behind the scenes. No age has understood so well as our own how to write for posterity—to throw together those unconsidered trifles of daily usage which will acquire an interest and value with the rust of ages. Then follows a light and pleasing sketch of the *Songs of the Dramatists*, collected by Mr. Robert Bell, in which the reviewer shows his acquaintance with the bye-ways of English poetry, and a true appreciation of its more retiring beauties. We will mention last the paper which is perhaps the most interesting of all—the obituary notice of Charles Kemble which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. This seems to us quite a masterpiece of kindly yet discriminating eulogy. It is evidently the tribute of a personal friend; it is impossible to mistake in it the outpouring of personal regard and admiration; yet the eulogy is tempered with so much just reserve and allowance, so handsome is the praise accorded to rivals in the art, so generous the concession to their special superiority, as to satisfy, we should think, the partisans of all our modern protagonists. But, in truth, without the stimulus of personal attachment, a generous mind feels naturally drawn to sing the praises of the departed hero of the stage. It sees in him, to the last moment, the same face and figure which charmed it in its own early years—it recalls the recollection of its juvenile transports—it associates him with its own first initiation in the mysterious of scenic illusion. "What a piece of work" was the "man" who figured as the hero of our first tragedy! "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form how moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" The writer of this notice is perhaps the only contributor to the *Saturday Review* who has seen John Kemble. It was once only; and it was in Cato, and we were but five years old. The lion's-head epaulettes of Syphax still mingle in our recollections with the dark hair, and deep-set eye, and godlike bearing of the noble Roman. We cannot determine whether it was a trick of our young imagination, or whether we actually saw a stream of crimson worsted issuing from his wound. But we incline to the worsted—the more so, as in later times, though still far distant, we have undoubtedly seen Edmund Kean marshalled on his way as Macbeth by a real dagger dangling from the ceiling. But, however this may be, our first impressions of the stage and its heroes must always be the last. Mr. Donne has been brought up in the faith of Charles Kemble, and while his judgment balances between him and various competitors, it is evident that he has ever been the real star of his affections.

With the single exception of Garrick, Charles Kemble played well—we emphasize the word, because other actors whom we have seen have been ambitious of variety, and imagined they could assume diversified powers, when nature had denied them—the widest range of characters on record. If he had no equal in Benedick, neither had he in Jaffier; if his Leon and Don Felix were unsurpassed, so also were his Edgar in *Leam*, and his Leonatus in *Cymbeline*. He was the most joyous and courteous of Archers, Charles Surfaces, and Bangers. His Jack Absolute was the most gallant of Guardsmen; his

Colonel Feignwell a combination of the best high and the best low comedy, as he successively passed through his various assumptions of the Fop, the Antiquary, the Stockbroker and the Quaker. In Young Mirabel, again, he united the highest comic and tragic powers. In the first four acts he revealed in youth, high spirits, and lusty bachelorhood; in the last, his scene with the bravos of the "Red Burgundy" was, for its depth of passion, equalled only by Kean's agony and death in *Overreach*.

Charles Kemble's great and merited successes were late in arriving. He played through more than one period unpropitious to the bent of his genius, before the second quarter of the century crowned with tardy honours the most industrious, thoughtful, and philosophic of our artists in every department. The more concentrated character and greater physical advantages of his elder brother overshadowed him in his early career. The *Sturm und Drang* period which succeeded—the period of our military triumphs—the age of amazing exploits and glowing anticipations—the age of vehement, undisciplined genius, of Byron in poetry and Kean in acting—the age of extravagance in dress and manners—was unfavourable to the appreciation of a player who gave to the study of his profession, and who required to give to it, as many hours as in other paths of life have gone to form a statesman or a philosopher. But Charles Kemble lived on, and played on, till he fell upon another generation which understood him better. Our tamer genius smells of the lamp, and we take every sign of care and thoughtfulness in our instructors as a compliment to our taste and discrimination. Wordsworth and Tennyson have succeeded to Scott and Byron; Charles Kean to Edmund, Charles Kemble to glorious John. These things mostly go in cycles, and our children will probably run off again into spasms. In the meantime, Mr. Donne's description of the elder Kean may avail to justify to them the idolatry of our fathers:—

Between the impersonations of Kean and Charles Kemble there was a frontal opposition, arising from the opposite nature of their respective temperaments. Kean never played a part thoroughly; he disregarded unity altogether—probably he was incapable of forming for himself a complete and harmonious idea of any dramatic character. He acted detached portions alone, but upon these he flung himself with all his mind, and soul, and strength, moral and physical. For such abrupt and spasmodic efforts, he possessed extraordinary physical qualifications; an unrivalled command of sinewy and expressive gesture; eyes that emitted tender or baleful light; a brow and lips that expressed vigour, intensity, and indomitable resolution; and a voice running through the entire gamut of passion, and passing easily from an exquisitely touching tenderness to the harshest dissonance of vehement passion. Hence Kean, who was seldom happy in long sustained speeches, was incomparable in all striking, sudden, and impulsive passages. Who that ever heard can ever forget the unutterable tenderness of his reply to Desdemona, soliciting for Cassio restoration to favour—"Let him come when he will, I can deny thee nothing;" the blank comfortless despair of his "Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!" or the hot tearless agony of his "Oh, Desdemona, away, away!" Who that ever saw them can ever forget his attitude and look—the one graceful as a panther in act to spring, the other deadly as a basilisk prepared to strike—while awaiting the close of Anne of Warwick's clamorous passion of grief; or the glance of *Overreach* when Marfall turns against him, or the recoil of Luke from his overweening mistress, Lady Frugal; or Shylock's yell of triumph, "A Daniel come to judgment!" or the fascination of his dying eyes in Richard, when, unarmed and wounded to death, his soul seemed yet to fight with Richmond.

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On Thursday, May 6th (an EXTRA NIGHT), will be repeated VIERDI's Opera, IL TROVATORE; and the new Ballet, FLEUR DES CHAMPS. A limited number of Boxes have been reserved for the Public, price 21s. and 31s. 6d. each. May be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

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# CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIFTH SEASON, 1858-59.

THE NEW SEASON COMMENCES THIS DAY (Saturday, May 1st). SEASON TICKETS, available to the 30th April, 1859, are now ready, PRICE ONE GUINEA; CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE, HALF-A-GUINEA. These Tickets will admit to the Palace on the following occasions, viz.:-  
The Opening Musical and Floricultural Display on 1st May (This Day).  
The Festival of the National School Choral Society.  
The Three Grand Flower Shows in May, June, and September (five days in all).  
The Performances of the Paris Garde Nationale.  
The Series of Classical and Miscellaneous Concerts.  
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The Concert of Tonic Sol-fa Association, of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and of the Bradford Choral Association.  
The Poultry and other Shows.  
The Lectures.  
The Saturday Floral Promenades and Fountain Displays.  
And on all ordinary days.

While thus meeting the public in so liberal a spirit in the prices and privileges of the Season Tickets, the Directors reserve to themselves the power of withholding the right of admission to these Tickets on any Special Days, not exceeding six in number during the year. On any occasions on which this may be exercised, at least seven days' previous notice will be given.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEASON TICKETS for 1858-59.

ONE GUINEA; CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE, HALF-A-GUINEA. These Tickets are now ready for issue, and may be obtained at the Railway and Centre Transact entrances of the Crystal Palace; at the Offices of the London and Brighton Railway Company, London Bridge, and Regent-circus, Piccadilly; at the West-end Railway Station, at Piccadilly; at the Central Ticket Office, 2, Exeter Hall; and of the usual Agents to the Company.  
Remittances for Season Tickets to be by Cheque or Post-office Order, payable to GEORGE GOSWY.  
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THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,  
MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,  
MARQUIS OF SALISBURY,  
EARL OF CARLISLE,  
RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON,

and a large number of the Prelates, Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of the Metropolis. The Committee of the National School Choral Society have determined upon holding a GREAT CHORAL FESTIVAL on SATURDAY, May 8th, at the Crystal Palace. The Children will perform on the Orchestra erected for the Great Handel Festival, and the Committee entertain the confident belief that the display will not disappoint the expectations of the numerous and almost unprecedented body of Patrons who have honoured them with their Support.

The ORCHESTRA will consist of nearly 5000 of the Children, Pupil Teachers, and Teachers of the National and Endowed Schools of the Metropolis and its immediate vicinity, and will be aided by the Full Band of the Royal Military Asylum. The PERFORMANCE will consist of a carefully arranged selection of Sacred and Secular Music (commencing at Three o'clock), portions of which will be accompanied by the Organ erected for the Great Handel Festival.

Tickets of Admission, 2s. 6d. each; to Reserved Stalls, 2s. 6d. extra; or to Patrons' Reserved Stalls, 5s. extra. May be had at the Crystal Palace; at the Central Office, 2, Exeter Hall; and of the usual Agents.  
Full Particulars may be obtained and Plans of Seats inspected at the Office of the National School Choral Society, No. 3, Exeter Hall.

Conductor.—Mr. G. W. MARTIN.  
Organist.—Mr. BROWN SMITH.  
Treasurer.—Mr. E. A. WAUGH.

WILL CLOSE ON MAY 8TH.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS OPEN AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, DAILY, from 10 till 6, admission 1s.; and Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Evenings, from 7 till 10, admission 6d. The Exhibition of the French Photographic Society has been added to the Collection. Brompton and Putney Omnibuses pass every five minutes. The SUMMER EXHIBITION will be opened at No. 1, NEW COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY, W., on MAY 17th. Works intended for Exhibition must be sent to the above address on May 6th or 6th.**

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**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—M. GOMPERTZ** has the honour to announce that on MONDAY, May 3rd, he will submit to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, his GRAND HISTORICAL DIORAMA of the INDIAN MUTINY.

**J. B. GOUGH** will deliver an ORATION in ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, on TUESDAY, May 4th. Doors open at Seven, Chair taken at Eight o'clock.—Admission by Ticket, 1s.; Front Seats, 1s. 6d. To be had at 337, Strand; and at the Doors.  
MR. GOUGH will also address the ANNUAL MEETING in EXETER HALL, on TUESDAY, May 11th.

## MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL—

On THURSDAY EVENING, May 6th, his "CHIMES." The Reading will commence at Eight exactly, and will last two hours. Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL's, Publishers, 103, Fleet-street; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

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HENRY DOBBIN, Secretary.

## GRAND CEREMONY AND FESTIVAL on the 18th JUNE NEXT, at the OPENING of the SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS' HOME, Hampstead, by His Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT, who, with His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, have been graciously pleased to purchase Presentations to the Home.

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H. L. POWYS, Major, Chairman.

## CHURCH-RATE ABOLITION BILL.—RELIGION IN INDIA.

The ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING of the SOCIETY for the LIBERATION of RELIGION from STATE PATRONAGE and CONTROL will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, May 5th, at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, Long Acre, at Seven o'clock.

CHARLES COWAN, Esq., M.P., will Preside; and L. L. DILLWYS, Esq., M.P.; CHARLES FORSTER, Esq., M.P.; DONALD NICOL, Esq., M.P.; Rev. Geo. GOULD, of Norwich; Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD, PETER CARSTAIRS, Esq., and EDWARD MIALI, Esq., will take part in the proceedings, which will include a Sketch of the Society's recent operations, the latest information respecting the Church-rate Bill, and addresses on the future relationship of the Government to religion in India.  
Offices, 2, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet-street.

## ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—THE SIXTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Freemasons' hall on WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 6th, at 6 precisely;

The Lord Viscount PALMERSTON, K.G., in the Chair.

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Thomas M. Weggelin, Esq., M.P.

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OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

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